

THE
PLEASURES
OF
Matrimony,

Intermixed with a variety of Merry and
Delightful STORIES.

CONTAINING

*The CHARMS and CONTENTMENTS of
WOONG and WEDLOCK, in all its
ENJOYMENTS, RECREATIONS,
and DIVERTISEMENTS.*

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M.DCC.XLIII.

PLATE 19

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TO THE
READERS,
 BOTH
MALE AND FEMALE.

AS I hope to be Knighted, it is not that I have more of Partiality or Dissimulation towards the Men, than towards the Women; neither fond Affection, nor Bum-Bribery, has induced me to these Expostulations; but out of mere Pity and Compassion, or rather out of a kind of Disgust, to see poor Matrimony run down, and loaded with such a vast weight of inconveniencies, as would be enough to sink a First-rate Ship, as if they intended to alter the whole Race of Mankind. Profusion of Habit, Prodigality of Diet, the Waste of Visits, and the Consumption of Entertainments, are all attributed to Matrimony. Nay, *Hippolitus* in *Euripides*, is so enraged against the *Female-Sex*, that he Expostulates with *Jupiter*, why he did not find some other way to procreate Mankind, than by Creating of Women: For thus says he:

Oh, *Jupiter*, what Cause of thy so cruel Hate
 That thou did'st Woman thus for Man create?
 If 'twere thy Aim to Propagate Mankind,
 The *Female* way ought not t'have been design'd:
 But Men into thy Temples should have brought,
 Or Brass, or Steel, or Gold more purely wrought:
 These might'st thou have transform'd, and then should

we

Have liv'd in Peace, from *Female* Fury free.

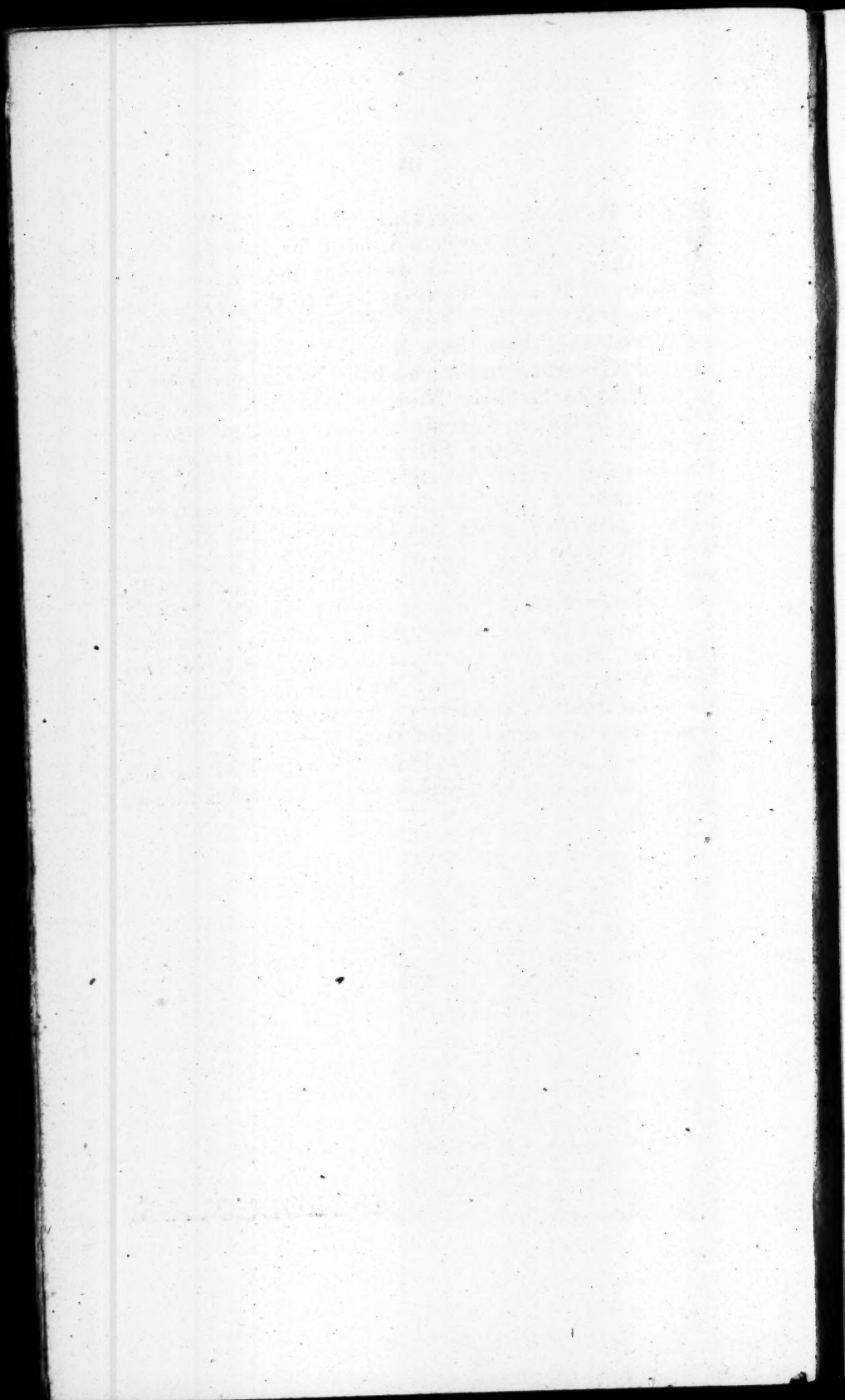
But when we consider the great advantages Men have over Woven, to plead their own Justification; when we consider that women are not sent to School to be Buttock-flawed into *Latin*, nor posted to the University to Learn to chop Logick, they may scold for themselves indeed, but they shall never be able to wipe off the Studied Scandals of Malicious Eloquence. Nor are the Men ignorant of this Advantage of theirs, which makes 'em improve it to the Height; and that with so much Injustice and Partiality to themselves, as if they were Saints, and the Women Devils.

But the poor Women must not be thus run down for want of a little Logick; rather let them bear up to the Bar of *Chester*; let 'em pluck up a good Heart and report upon their *Male* Adversaries the Calumnies which they would fix upon their Innocence.

One Man condemns Matrimony, because he has a Shrew to his Wife, which is only for the want of Knowledge: for a Shrew is the best Woman in Nature, and makes a Man both a Poet and a Philosopher; a Combat between an *Amazon* with her Skimmer and Potlid, and the Knights of the Basting Ladle, is a Theme for a second *Homer*: and then she makes a Man a Philosopher, by exercising the noblest of his Virtues, his Patience. Another blames Wedlock, for having a Slut; whereas Sluttiness is but an emblem of the simplicity of the old World, before Pomp and Luxury came into Fashion. A third curses Marriage, because he thinks himself a Cuckold; and yet there's not one in five thousand that cares to be confin'd himself. Another says his Wife loves Brandy, and therefore storms at Matrimony, as if *Bacchus* was not as well *Female* as *Male*, and Women had not as much Right to drink as Men; There's no deceit in a Brimmer; and therefore let a Woman drink Brandy, and you shall always know the Secrets of her Heart. Upon these and the like grounds it is, that the Men have got a Trick to lay all the Weight and Burthen of their Fears, Jealousies, Discontents, Disquiets, their running

ning in Debt, their Breaking, all upon the Women's Backs; and Matrimony too, must be arraigned for their sakes. But should we bring the Miscarriages of Men and Womens Failings both to the Bar of Justice, and Weigh them both against the other, 'tis to be feared the Mens Scale would be so heavy as that you could hardly lift it; and the Womens so light, as scarcely to be felt. Now, therefore, I would have the Men be but so Ingenious, for the Reputation of Injuries so long done *Female Sex*, as to resign the Government of the World for a while into the Womens hands, I dare be bold to say, we should then have a general Peace: All Quarrels about Religion would be at an End: Gunsmiths and Powder-makers might go hang themselves: And then for Bawdy-Houses, there would not be one left in the Nation, which would be a Blessed Reformation. Therefore that the Men may see their Errors, we have here shew'd 'em their Defects: And for the Women, let them but Justify themselves according to the Instructions here set down, and then Matrimony will sit Enthron'd with all her Pleasures round about her, free from all the Calumnies and Reproaches thrown upon her.

INTRODUCTION.



INTRODUCTION.

THERE is nothing more desired, nothing more coveted by both the Sexes of Men and Women than MATIMONY: It has been in high Esteem among all Nations, from the beginning of the World. And this Desire it was that made Cain take such a tedious Journey into the Land of Nod, to get him a Wife; for there is a natural Propensity in Man to Propagate and Continue his Kind. Now lest these propensity should slacken in either Sex, Nature has furnished Matrimony with those Concomitant and Convenient Pleasures and Delights, which do render it so Charming, that it is impossible to prevent the Impetuosity of ardent Flame and youthful Desire. Venus, whom the Poets feign to be the Goddess of Pleasure, Caresses, Delight and Carnal Procreation, was born out of the Genitals of Coelum, snipped off by Saturn in a jealous Frolick, and thrown into the Sea, where she had her Birth without a Mother, from the Forth of those Parts; which was done in the Honour of Matrimony to Desire Coition and Natural Conjunction. 'Till that Time, they say, that the whole Race of Fish was almost extinguished; but so soon as Venus had Power over the Sea, then it was that Herrings and Mackrel began to encrease at that prodigious Rate that they now do; She was Cradled at the first in a Mother of Pearl Shell, to shew that the Nuptial Sheets ought to be without Defilement; she was also said to be born Laughing, for that Sweetness, cheerful Discour-
ces,

ses, Smiles, and Carresses ought for to be the Concomitants of Matrimony. Some say indeed, that when she came to be Married, she would now and then take up a Stone with her Ear; which is the Reason that Matrimony does not always succeed so happily as might be desired. Without doubt, her Familiarity with Adonis was a spot to her Reputation, and her being taken in the Act with Mars was also another Stain to her Honour. But that she was the first Inventress of whoring can never be, because it is apparent that there were many Woman in the World before she was born. Besides, she was a Goddess of a Haughty, Revengeful Humour, and one that Mortally hated a Slight; insomuch, that when the Lemnion Women neglected the Sacrifices, which she looked upon to be her Due, she did someting to them that occasioned such a rank Smell and strong Perfume from their Bodies, that their Husbands could not indure them; thereupon the Men they made a War with their Neighbours and Plundered all the Women out of their Enemies Country, to supply the Room of their al-to-be Assafoetida'd Wives, which put the Women into such a Rage, that in one Night they killed all their Husbands and their Captive Mistresses; and lest their Sons should Revenge the Death of their Fathers, when they came to Age, they slew them too. This was a bad Example, which many Woman are too apt to follow, and daily put in to practice, if their Husbands fail their Expectations, and neglect to give them their due.

Now for these Reasons, and for some other; too long to enumerate, though Matrimony has been all along thus Deified, though there be nothing

thing more desired, and sought after by all Ages and Sexes, and though it have several Comforts and Complacencies in it, yet there is a general Clamour against it; and there are others that do condemn it, inveigh against it, and cry it down, as the only Occasion and Root of all the Mischiefs, Disturbances and Vexations that perplex and plague Mankind, and render Life Uncomfortable; insomuch, that many Men chuse to prefer a Wanton, Lawless and Lascivious Liberty, before Honest and Virtuously Matrimonial Confinement, to the unspeakable Consumption of Lenitive Elettuary, Venice-Turpentine, Sarsaparilla, and Quicksilver, the Ruin of their Bodies, the Mutilation of their Noble Parts, and the over-spreading Production of Vermine-Mountebanks. And this it is that has engaged us to publish these few Sheets with a laudable Intention to sepearate the Comforts from the Discomforts of Matrimoney, thereby for to recover Reproached Wedlock from the Scandals thrown upon her, and to restore her to the good Opinion of her Adversaries.

Some then there are that say, there are but Ten Comforts in Matrimony, Others do allow Fifteen, and that is the most; but for Discomforts they swear they are not able to number them. They say, that if in every Age, all that have received Prejudice from Matrimony should but open their Mouths together, there would be such a din, that if any Thing availed her, it would be only this, that the rest would never be able to hear her Accusers. And for Confermation of this, they tell us a Story of one Madam *Pandora*, that had a Box, and that when she opened this Box, there flew out the Devil and all of Matrimonial Discomforts. But in regard these Upbraiders of Matrimony

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mony, were no Fathers of the Church, therefore we are not lightly to give Credit to their Authority.

If there are Fifteen Comforts in Matrimony, by'r Lady there are enough, (for who would not Marry to enjoy Fifteen Comforts?) I wish we may have our Words good, and find out Fifteen; for the Ancient Philosophers counted Seven to be the Number of Perfection; now in Fifteen there is twice Seven, Two perfect Numbers, and One to spare; so that had Matrimony but Seven Comforts, it had the perfect Number of Comforts which were sufficient; but Fifteen is a Number of Super-errogation, and therefore there can be nothing said against it. But now I think on it, there is One Comfort more, which has not been thought upon, which although it be not in Matrimony itself, yet it so essential to Matrimoney, that wedlock cannot be without it, and always preceeds it, which is the Comfort of Wooing; which makes me think that if we should go about to rummage for Matrimonial Comforts, we should find a great many more. But first, let us see to make out these Fifteen, and then a fig for *Pandora*, and her Box to boot,

I. The Comforts of Wooing.

ALL Men that design Matrimony, must first pitch upon some Object of his Affections, which must be a living Person of the Female-Sex: To which purpose, when he considers his Youth, his Strenght, his Vigour, Health and Riches, it cannot be a small Comfort to him to find himself so well qualified for such an important Enterprize. But if he be handsome withal, he has this Additional Satisfaction and Confidence in himself, That there are more maids than Mawkins, and that the World being so wide as it is, if one will not, another must stoop to his easy Batteries.

Now then, what's the first Thing to be done? — Why, in the first Place the young Courtier Trims himself in *Querpo*, and according to his Degree makes himself as fine as Thimble-man and Semptress can make him; pays for his Cloaths, or goes upon Tick with his Taylor, and then 'no small Comfort to him that he can be trusted. After that, he Marches in his *Pontificalibus* to some Eminent Church, there he Stares, Gapes, and looks about him, and instead of lending his Eears to the Minister, with all the Content imaginable feeds his eyes, gratifies and satiates his Fancy with Variety of objects, and picks out three or four which he thinks may prove for his turn.

This done, he finds out their several Habitations, makes diligent Enquiry after their Fortunes, at whose Disposal they are, whether of Guardians, or Fathers or Mothers, or both; whether closely

closely kept in, or left to Freedom; and which way they most proper to make his Addresses; an Employment or rather spending of a young Man's Time, than which there can be none more agreeable to Exercise the Mind and Thoughts of an Amorous Springal, who all this while believes himself wrapt up in his Mother's Smock, and thinks no Vergin able to withstand his brisk Assaults.

After this, he takes his Friend to the Tavern, Un-bosoms his Amours, Drinks her Health, and Gad (quoth he) a pretty Black-Eyed Smirking Rogue—I would I had her in her Night-Cloaths ——— Whuh, Pox (quoth his Friend) ne'er fear it, Boy. ——— Were I in thy Condition, I'd make no more to carry her than to drink off this Glass, — and so here's to her again. Thus is the young Lover in a pleasing Extasie, and Ravished with his Hopes, drinks on till he believes he has her in his Arms. What Hours of greater Bliss than these, while a Man's Senses shall be all the while, as it were, wrapt up in such pleasing Dreams as will not let the least Disquiet enter to annoy his Thoughts!

The very beating his Brains to accomplish his Designs, are all along a Pleasure to him; for Lovers, like Warriors in pursuit of Victory, take Delight in the Toil and Management of the Con-trivance.

And perhaps by this Time he has found the Maid to be his Mistresses's Crony, and Cabinet-Counsellor: Now there is no Father or Mother, Uncle, or Aunt, that will deny a young Spark the first Visit, when he comes, as they say in the Way of Honesty. In what a Rapture of Joy is he
he

he then upon his first Admittance, one Kiss of Formality, a gracious Smile to his first Complement, recompences an Age of future Powting and Lowting, should it so fall out : The Happiness of one Hour's first Enjoyment of her Virgin-Company over-values the succeeding Curtain Lectures of her whole Life. The Comforts of Wooing are so great, that I am apt to think if a Man were to Woo once a Month, *Solon* would have alter'd his Judgment, and counted Him the Happiest Man in the World. Then at his Departure he steals into the Maid's Hand the King's Picture imprinted upon a small round piece of Gold, which begets such a Character of him in the Maid's Breast, that she extols him from Top to Toe, Praises the very Buckling of his Shooes, as having something in it beyond the Neatness of other Men, and Reads him all over to her Mistress as the only Person fit to be entertain'd in her Affections ; but above all Things forgets not to make particular Observations upon the Proportion of his Nose. Within a Day or two, my Spark goes again, at which time the officious Maid is ready to conduct him up Stairs, and by her Smiles and her Courtesies, give him to understand that his yellow Physick has wrought. If the Lady be coy and keep a formal Distance, 'tis no more than he may Rationally expect, for it is not yet seasonable to come bluntly to the Question ; however he finds her Complaisant and modestly Civil, which enlivens him with fresh Hopes, and inspires new Joys into his Soul. Here happens a longer stay, and more Hours of Comfort and Consolation, worth a Bushel of *March* Dust, so that the Young *Inamorato* takes his leave with all the satisfaction in the World ;

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World; yet not so forgetful neither of his indulgent Soliciteness, but that he drops another Cordial into her wary Hand, *Cudsbodikins* (quote she to her Mistress, within a Day or two after) *where do you think I have been this Morning? I do not know* (quoth the young Gentlewoman) *Why fakens I have been at the Conjurer at Black-Fryars-Gate — He is the rarest Man in the World, — I asked him whether such a Gentleman did Court my Mistress or no? — And he did but only Cast his Eye in a great Book and told me yes? Nay, he described the Gentleman by his Cloaths and his Hair so exactly as if he had drawn his Picture, and told me he was the Person and no other that was destin'd for you—for your better satisfaction I would have you go to him yourself,—'tis but missing your Prayer-time to-Morrow-Morning and taking a Trip to his Chamber.* This fires the young Gentlewoman, and away she Trips from her Devotion, to consult *Taurus* and *Gemini*, concerning her Sweetheart: And no wonder the Conjurer told her so right, when the Gypsie, her Maid had inform'd him before. However, the young Gentlewoman comes home full fraught with Celestial Prognostication, and begins to settle Affection.

Now what greater Pleasure can a Young Wooer have, than to understand (for the Maid if she be not a worse Devil than the Devil she went to, will be certain to give him Intelligence of these important Passages:) I say what greater Pleasure can a Young Wooer have than to understand that his Mistress is so afraid of missing him, that she goes to the Devil's Secretary to consult the Assurance of her Happiness?

Emboldened,

Embolden'd therefore by these Successes, the young Wooer begins now to think of settling a Correspondence, with his new purchased Friend the Chamber-Maid, who is not only dextrous, but officiously ready to Manage: Then he writes, and his Mistress Answers; then he Answers, and his Mistress Writes again, and this begets more Rejoinders and Sur-rejoinders than a Chancery-Suit. What, though the Language be borrow'd on both sides! What though the softness and meltingness of the Expressions were not inspir'd by Nature, but taken out of the Accademy of Compliments, or nimmed out of *Cupid's Cabinet*, or purloined from other Learned Authors, who have spent their Time to furnish Young Lovers with the Flowers of Amorous Persuasions? What if he meet with nothing but Blots and Blurs, and only the Resemblance of the Letters of the Alphabet? What of all this! He's the more certain 'tis her own Hand and it shews the more of a Female Politician; for Mysteries and Secrets many times require to be shrouded in Characters; so that if he can but pick out the Meaning and discover any Thing of an Amorous Complacency towards him, 'tis enough: Then what a surmounting Pleasure it is to him to read it over and over again: he Kisses and Busses it; Simpers and Smiles to himself; lifts up his Eyes and Hands to Heaven; Blesses and Hugs himself with his own Arms, that were he to be seen in those Transports of his Amorous Passion, there's no Body but would think him an Antick, or Mad Man: All the Day long he believes himself in Paradise, and at Night laying the Letter, or rather *Billet Deux* upon his Pillow, falls into more
Pleasing

Pleasing Dreams than ever lull'd *Endymion* upon the Mountain *Ida*. What greater Pleasures can a young Wooer wish for, unless it were the Enjoyment itself? But because that cannot be presently had, therefore the little winged Archer diverts his Fancy in these pleasing *Eliziums*, encircled with a Thousand Flattering Beatitudes.

But this is not all, presently fresh Intelligence comes, that his Mistress is to be such a Night at a great Dancing-Bout at *Pin-Maker's-Hall*, *Wine-Office-Court* in *Fleet-treet*, or let it be where it will, Cuds-bobs, there's News indeed, it makes his Heart cut Capers for Joy in his Belly, and a Tickling Pleasure runs through every Vein in his Body; so that when the Time draws nigh, on go the Silk Stockings, the New Shoes, clean Ruffles, the long curling Peruque, and his Hat cocked up on the one side. If a young Lawyer he baulks all his Clients; If a young Shop-Keeper, he leaves the Porter to shut up; If a young Apprentice, he pretends an Appointment to receive Money, and then he dresses himself at the Place where all his Gayety lies leger. By-and-by to the Dancing-School he comes, as fine as a Lord, enters the Room, he looks for his Mistress; she is not there; by-and-by she comes——but then how he Smirks and Simpers! What would he have more, unless he were in Bed with her; He is present with his Mistress, he has her by the Hand, the Delight of his Soul, the Joy of his Heart; he feels her Palm, he whirls her about in a Country-Jigg; and by-and-by he calls for a Kissing-Dance;——Can any Man be so sottish, as to think this is no Pleasure to a young Wooer? Cuds foot, he must needs have lost his Senses

that

that thinks so. By and by he pretends to whisper under her Hood, and steals a Kiss.—Nouns and Pronouns, do you think that's no Pleasure to a young Wooer? She sweats, and he wipes off the Pearls from her Nose with a Handkerchief dipt in Essence of Oranges.—She sits down to rest herself, and he sits down by her, tells her a thousand pretty Stories, and squeezes her hand all the while.—Then comes another Young Lady, and takes the Young Wooer out, as they call it; and then he has an Opportunity to shew the roundness of his Calves, the neatness of his Feet, his handsome shape, and nimble Limbs; for he Dances like any Thing,——because his Mistress is in presence. Then he comes and sits down by his Mistress again, wipes his Face, and with his smiling Eyes, seems to ask her how she liked him: to which she with a smiling Eye, and a blushing Cheek, seems to make answer, and cry, Mighty well. Then a Gentleman takes his Mistress out,——and then he is blest with the most charming Sight in the World;——he admires her swimming Carriage,——the holding of her Petticoat bewitches him, and the Celestial motion of her Buttocks even Transports him; but the Bridling her Chin, and the ruddy Colour in her Cheeks, Ravishes him up to the third Heaven. Then she comes and sits down by her sweet Swatterkin again, who seems to be Transported with Joy, and tells her in her Ear, with I Protest, and I Vow, Madam, that she Danced like an Angel: Then she wipes her Face, and putting her Handkerchief up in a careless manner, he takes an Occasion to steal it from her, and conveys it into his own Coat-Pocket: Verily, if I

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don't

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don't believe it was some Handkerchief Stealer that invented those Pockets, hang me; they are so very convenient; But then he thinks himself as rich as if he were Landlord of all the Mines in *Pern*; I'd warrant you he will not part with that Handkerchief for all the Silver that was so lately recovered out of the Sea. For this Handkerchief works Miracles too; it makes the young Wooer a Poet to Admiration; tho' he never did make Verses before, yet he sends her such a Copy upon the stealing of her Handkerchief, that she never repents the losing it.

But now they take Leave of the Company before the Meeting breaks up, Why so, because Time wastes, and there's is more to be done; for as they ooth go down Stairs, the Young Wooer he humbly beseeches his young Mistress to let him wait upon her to the Tavern; the young Maid seconds him with her Persuasions: Nor is the Mistress so obstinately Refractory, but that she suffers herself in the Conclusion for to be over-rul'd by her Confidant; so the young Wooer he puts her in into a Coach, and away they drive unto the Place appointed. And now he has her as safe as Thief in a Mill; — now he may Vow, Protest, Swear, Lye, and say whatever he pleases, — Now, if he be a well-bred Youth, and has got his Lesson by Heart, he talks of nothing but of Lillies, Roses, Coral, Snow, Rainbows, *Arabian* Perfumes, Amber, and Sun-Beams; — the Renish-Wine and sugar inspire him; the Neats-Tongues prattle Complements between his Teeth, — Kisses serve instead of Grace before Meat, and Liberality displayeth itself upon the Table in stew'd Oyster, Anchovies, Lobsters, Tunsies, Tarts, and
what

what not? according to the Time and Season of the Year. 'Tis well there's no more Company, and that their Bellies are not so big as so many Tuns of *Hydeburg*; for her Presence will admit of no Pinching, there must nothing appear of the Miser in her sight, but all the Signs of Liberal, Noble, Genteel, Careless, Great, and what the Women call a handsome Spirit: For young Virgins, tho' never so Niggerly themselves, love to observe Liberality and Profuseness in the Choice, in hopes to have the Benefits of Pocketing up the Overplus of their Husband's Expences another Day: for the Devil's in some of your young Women, they look before 'em a great Way, and are for laying up against a Rainy Day, as soon as they have a Man in their Eye.

But to return to our young Wooer's Treatment, now you find him all in Joy and Pleasure tasting the Cherries of his Mistress's Lips, cropping the Lillies of her Hands, and receiving the *Arabian* Perfumes of her Breath to that Degree, that you may well believe him to be in Heaven upon Earth. A' my Word, beloved, this is a Pleasure in Wooing, not to be slighted, ——— 'tis somewhat Costly you'll say ——— What's that to the purpose? There was a Philosopher that gave above Five Hundred Pounds for one Night's Lodging with a Courtesan; if a Fool then spend a Piece or two upon his Darling Mistress, his Honest, Chaste, Virtuous, Darling Mistress, is that such a piece of Business? Why, there are some Men that would give their Backsides for such a Happiness as this Young Wooer may be thought to Enjoy at such a Time.

Well, but now 'tis time to go home, lest the Mother should be angry; for upon my word, 'tis
past

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past Ten o'Clock: But the Devil helps that Devil of a Chamber-Maid; for she had so ordered it before-hand, that they are both let in without knocking at the Door, by the Cook-wench, who is fee'd to stand Sentinal, and watch their coming home. Thus the Door silently opening, in they slip; up they whip into the Chamber, undress in a Trice, and come down in their Night-geer, as if they had been at home an hour or two before:——Lord, where ha' you been?) quo' the Mother:)——Lord, Mother,——Lord Mistress, (both together cry they) we have been at home above this Hour:——I did not hear you come in (quo' the Mother;) No Forsooth (quo' the Maid)——we came in just as *Dick* was shutting up Shop, and knocking in the Door-Post.

Thus is all well at home, and the young Wooer returns to his Lodging the most satisfy'd Lover in the World: Nor does his Pleasure at all diminish, because the Enjoyment is past. His Mind and Conceit are so full of his last Delights, that he seems to Act over the same Thing every Hour again. He Kisses her in conceit, he Dances with her in conceit, he Drinks to her in conceit, he Talks to her in conceit: Nay, his very Dreams are still new Trances of Felicity. And when he hears the next Morning what a trick the Maid put upon her Mistress, his Heart molds Cockle-Bread in his Belley for Joy.

Another has an Opportunity to carry his Mistress to *Bartholomew-Fair*, or *Southwark-Fair*: Why Pleasures of the same Kind do attend both Parties, still Pig Treatments, and Pork Treatments: He carries her to see this Show and that Show,

Show, and the Dancing on the Ropes. He forgets not to carry her to the Royal Oak Lottery, and to throw away Forty or Fifty Shillings, for to Learn her the manner of the Game: Nay, and he must let her see him raffle too. 'Tis a hard case if Fortune should be so kind to him as not to let him present his Mistress with a good piece of Plate, or a Looking-Class, in a Tortoise-shell Frame: They will be his own again when once they are married.

In the Summer, if the Weather be fair, he attends her in the Forenoon to Church, and in the Afternoon to *Islington*, where he spares for no Cost in Bottle-Ale, Stewed-Pruens, Cakes, Tarts, and Gammon of Bacon. So that still there's nothing but pleasure and Plenty in wooing: Nay, and if she requires it, he must not scruple for to borrow her a Pad-Nag, and a Side-Saddle, and Gallop her to the Camp. For she that is perhaps, to bring many Soldiers into the World, ought not to be ignorant what it is to be a Soldier. Perhaps she does it to try his Obedience and Affection, and then, Cuds foot, a Denial would spoil all. For we must not deny, but that a young Wooer may be a Wretched, Miserable, Dejected, Forlorn Creature: But then it must be either his own or nature's Fault. As when his Mistress looks upon him to be a fool, or a half-witted Fellow; a Niggardly, close-fisted Narrow-soul'd Rascal; Or if she finds that he does want Money, she then pisses upon him for certain, unless she have money enough of her own, and the young Rawbones be handsome and *Roman* Nos'd; for then though he should happen to be her Father's Groom, or his Butler, she may chance to take an Affection

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Affection to him, and then he's happy again.

If the Fault be Nature's then perhaps he proves to be Blear-Ey'd, Hunch-Back'd, Baker-Legg'd, Tutt-Mouth'd, or the like: And then he is not so pleasing, unless his purse jingle; then she loves his Estate, not his Person; then she Marries his Fortune, not the Man himself; proceeds wairly, and trusts her Parents to make the Bargain for her, and bids them be sure to get her a good Jointure, and to take care it be sure settled. However, 'tis a great Pleasure to such a Piece of Deformity, that he hath an Estate to buy him a handsome, proper Wife. 'Tis true, there are some Virgins that admire Men for their Wisdom, though they meet with it in a Case as ugly *Æsop's*, but they are but very few: you may lock them all in a Closet no bigger than *Little-Ease*. We have rummag'd History, and can light but upon one; and this one single Phoenix fell so in Love with a great Philosopher, that she told her Parents she would kill her self, unless she might have him. The Father and Mother were very loath to lose their Dauther, and yet were as loath to bistow her upon the Philosopher, because they knew him to be a Nectly Beggerly, Poor Scholar, tho' a Man of deep Wisdom, and very great Learning. Well, the Maid would have no denial; she would have him, or no body in the World. On the other side, the Philosopher, to divert her Affection, threw off his Mantle, and turning to the Maid; Troth, Mistress, quoth he, if you will have me for your Husband, you must take me with this Mountain upon my Back, and these crooked Legs; and which is worse, my left Hip and my left Arm meet almost together. Then he shewed her his Staff, and his Satchel

Satchel wherein he carried his Victuals, and bid her consider how she liked her Estate and condition; besides, he acquainted her also, That he should never love a Wife that would not live as Philosophically as he did. But notwithstanding all this, nothing would do, she would be a Philosopher, or any thing else, rather than go without him. Ah quoth the Philosopher; nay then, Sweetheart, have at thee by guess; so spreading his Cloak Philosophically upon the Ground, he puts his Philosophy into practice, in presence of his Wife's Father and Mother, and several other of his Kindred. And when they asked him what he was doing? He returned Answer, *He was Planting a Man.* This Philosopher, if the Story be true, and I have a very good Author for what I say; you may be sure, say you, had Eaten Shame and Drank after it. But this is your Mistake: For he had shown her all the Defects he had, and now he was resolved for to shew her what sort of Nuptial Bed she was to expect, if she married him; so that there was nothing here but Plain-Dealing on the Philosopher's side; and as for the Virgin, she shewed herself to be a true self-denying Creature, and that for Virtue sake, she could have been contented to have been lain withal, in the Way of Honesty, upon the bare Ground, had her Philosopher so pleased. Truly I could not omit this Story, thereby to teach Young Gentlemen his Philosophical way of Kissing; and to let them understand how much better it would be when they carry Misses to the Tavern, to spread their Camblet Cloaks, or their Bay-Coat, upon the Floor Philosophically, than break so many Leathern and Turkey-work Chairs as they do, to the great Injury of the Man of the House.

On

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On the other side, if the Man be Handsome, and well Built, and the Woman have a Wart upon her Back as big as the Top of a Chimney, Legs like your Serpentine Pillars, a Splay Mouth, Red Hair, and an Acorn-coloured Skin, then you may be sure there's Money in the Case, and it may be, she is all her Parents have: So that neither then is a Young Wooer of such a piece of Nature's Miscarriage, without several Comforts and Consolations. The Sun-shine of her Gold dazzles his Eyes, that he sees none of all her Deformities; the Weight of her Bags levels the Hillock at her Back; the Lustre of her Portion straitens her Legs; and then all Men that love Gold, must needs have a Kindness for Goldy-Locks. By my Troth, when a Man has but little to trust too, or that his Fortune runs low, 'tis time for him to look about him; and therefore when a Man in such a Condition hears of one of those Prizes, there's as much Pleasure in Courting such a Lane, Decrepit Help at Need, as if she were one of the *Graces*. Beside there are some Men not so squeamish as others. There are some will no more keek at a Rich Girl, with her Eyes as Blood-shot as if her Eye-Brows had been Circumcized, than they would at the sight of a flawed piece of Elder. There was a Gentleman had Married a Rich Heiress, and when he was to have gone to Bed to her, he was so squeamish, forsooth, that his Brother, a bold *Briton*, was forced to Consummate the Marriage: And this for no other Cause, but because she had Legs no bigger than Goose Quills, and was as crooked as a Semi-circle for to tell you the Truth, she was stolen, and they feared a surprise,

prize, before they could get the Business completed.

But if she be a Rich Heiress, and not to be obtained without stealing, then all the Pleasures of Wooing meet together. 'Tis no Matter whether she be stollen from a Boarding-School, or from the Habitation of her Parents; 'tis the same Thing: There must be a confident within Doors, and a Mistress *Go-between* without. Oh! the Matron with a bandbox of Hoods and Scarves under her Arm, is a Parlous Creature. Then come the Comforts and Pleasures of Plots and Contrivances. For there is Pleasure in Danger, especially when a Man comes off with Honour. The Young Wooer comes to the Boarding-School, to see the Young Ladies Dance, and there takes his first View. There Love, like Tinder, takes Fire immediately: but he comes thither in publick no more. A *Billet Deux* first intimates his Affection, and the Young Lady that saw him a brisk, trim, proper, strait Young Gallant, begins to think him not unworthy her Kindness; besides that, she is in the Prime of her Age, Buxom and high Mettled. Nor can she long conceal the Commencements of her Amorous Inclinations from her Cofident; she adds Fuel to the Flame, heightens her Fancy, and enflames her Desires; Swears the Gentleman is worth no less than Eight Hundred a Year, and that she knows his Family and where his Estate lies. On the other side, the young Wooer fills his Gilt-paper Pages with Vows, Oaths, and Protestations; tells her she shall Ride in her Coach, and gives her fair hopes of being a Lady. Now in all these Things there is a strange Pleasure and Titilation
of

of the Fancy. At length the business is so brought about, that she gives him a private Meeting, and then there is Kissing and Billing, redoubled Protestations, and Vows; he knells at her Feet, and adores her as his Guardian-Angel; In a Word, he tells her such pleasing Stories, such deluding Flim-flams (and who can deny the vast Pleasure that attends upon Delusion) that the young Lady is at length fully convinced the Business is concluded, to the unspeakable Joy of the young Wooer. And now the Cabal have work enough to contrive which way to release the Female Prisoner. At length, after many Debates and serious Considerations, the Night being pitched upon, down she is let in a Dust-basket, from her Chamber-window like a bundle of Feathers from an Upholsterer's Garret, and lights into the Arms of her dearly Beloved, who you may be sure is carefully and diligently ready, with his Friends and Horses, to mount and away: Goodnight, Madam; we shall see you no more, I'm sure, till you understand what's what. Now what greater Pleasure can there be to a young Lover than thus to succeed in an Enterpize of so much difficulty.

But now suppose the Wooer be a Person of more sober Years, drawing dry-foot after a Rich Widow, why neither are these sort of Wooers, neither stale Batchelors, or Widowers, without their Pleasures in *Wooing*. For as it is a Pleasure to stand upon the Foyle, and see the running and doubling of a Hare before the Hounds; with no less Delight, does a cunning Widow wooer observe the Tricks and Subtleties of a cunning Widow; and with no less Pleasure does he study and contrive, which Way to countermine

countermine her, which if it be so great in making his Approaches only, what must his Satisfaction be when he gains the Fort? Men take vast Delight in Hunting and Fishing, that little care for the Game when 'tis caught. Such is the Sport of Widow-Courting, where the heat of Youth being over, the Pleasures lie in Conquest, more than in the future Enjoyment. Men have been Tricked 'tis true when they have seen suborned Tenants in Country Habits, bring in full Bags at one Door, but not seen them carry it out at another; and there was but little Comfort in that, when the Plot took Effect: But if a Man discovers the Plot, then he is no less pleased with the subtilty of his Wit, and the good Issue of his Sagacity. Besides there is a particular Pleasure in Courting a Widow, because he knows what he must trust to, as having had a true Relation before-hand of her Carriage to her first Husband. There is also another Pleasure in Courting a Widow, that a Man Talks and Discourses with a Person that understaunds Trap. And thus it is a Pleasure for a Man to Talk with an Artist, in a Science which he understands himself; whereas it is the most tiresome thing in the World, for a Man of Learning to converse with an ignorant Simpleton. Think you it is not a very great Pleasure to a sober Man to find he is like for to have a Saint for his Wife? and certainly such must that same Widow be, that is such a daily hunter of Morning Prayers, and observes her Hours as punctually as a Quotidian Ague, and saves the Sexton I know not what in Brooms by sweeping the Church with the long Tail of her Gown. Another Pleasure it certainly is, That
a Man

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a Man will have a knowing, experienced Woman; one that will be able to instruct him, if he be ignorant himself: Nor will it be his ill Fortune to go to Bed the first Night with his Brains full of anxious and disquieting Thoughts for fear he should not find his Wife what he took her to be, a Maid. In a word, Wooing is the most pleasing Pastime in the World: It affords Pleasure and Satisfaction to Men of all sizes and degrees: It procureth a Cessation of worldly Cares, and a Truce from Business all the while, though strange to tell, a Man is then about the most serious Business of his whole Life. Though it last a Year, 'tis all the time Holy-day. The Devine cannot Study all that Season, all that while it is impossible for him to Preach, or if he do, he talks besides the Cushion. And yet he has an Advantage, now I think on it above all other Arts and Sciences; for he may court his Mistress out of the *Canticles*, if he pleases, provided she be but aware of it before-hand.

The Physician doats and forgets his Patients. The Lawyer takes hold of the Opportunity, and dispatches his Business in a long Vacation. The Soldier lays close Siege in the Winter. But let it be Vacation or Term-Time, Winter or Summer, if the Business hang, and Love be importunate, the Lawyer's never to be found, and the Soldier's deaf to the call of the Drum. You may as soon hawl him to the Gallows as to the General Rendezvous, *Multa cadunt inter poculum*, they cry; there's nothing certain till the Knot is ty'd.

The Merchant leaves Word at the Change, he's gone a Wooing; at least he had as good have done so; for Wooing-time is such a Christian-like

like Season, that it abstracts a Man's Thoughts from doating upon all other Affairs of this World. The Infatuated Countryman is in a Wood and leaves his Plough, Harrow, Sickle, all for the Love of *Amarillis*. The intoxicated Tradesman cannot stay in his Shop for attending upon his Mistress. Nay the very Prentice too, that Courts in Hugging-Mugger; is so bewitched with *Cicely's* Black Eyes, that he will venture the Forfeiture of his Indentures to Dialogue with his Soul's Delight. So violent are the Pleasures of Wooing above all Pleasures in the World, and therefore in Former Times *Cupid* is said by the Poets to have robb'd the Gods themselves of their Arms.

*Phoebus his Quiver, Jove his Thunder misses,
His Croslet Mars, and Helmet pawns for Kisses,
Jove's Son laid down his Club for Nancy-Cock,
And Neptune's Trident yields to Holland Smock:
The Chaste Diana will not go a Hunting,
At the Pour apponites when to meet her Bunting,*

Or, thus:

*The Wooing Gods to Cupid yield their Arms;
How can weak Mortals (think ye) 'scape his Charms!*

II. *The Match concluded, and the Wedding kept, with all the Pomp and Splendor that accompanies it, and the various Discourses thereupon.*

MEN are generally proud of Conquest, and glory in Victory. And therefore they that have been long a Wooing, to shew that at length they have by the force of Irresistable Gold, or the Charms of their Diligence and soft Language, or by

by the Allurements of Shape and Proportion, or by some other cunning Contrivances, let them be what they will, obtained a compleat Conquest, they are resolved to make a publick and splendid Wedding.

Who shall now express the inexpressible Joy of this same constant Wooer, when he hears the Blessed Word of Consent drop from the Coral Lips of his Alluring Mistress! Whatever he is doing, whatever Transacting, still his Heart and his Thoughts are at his Mistress's Lodging. All the while he is from thence, he is like a Diver for Pearl, that lives a while out of his Element, but is forc'd to be drawn up again to recover Breath; in the same manner, the Victorious Wooer is forced, whatever his Business be abroad, to make quick returns back again, for fear of being utterly confounded, though the Loss of his Heart and his Brains. Besides, there are several fore-running Pleasures that will not now suffer him to be absent a Minute from her, by his Goodwill. For now he has free access; he may Kiss and play above-board as much as he pleases; only there's a little Shame and Fear which cannot be forgotten, because they have not been as yet at the Church. However, I would not have him yet a while be so careless of his Heart and Brains for there are several Things to be done, wherein he will find the Assistance of his Heart and his Brains to be very useful, and in which they will have a great Share of the Pleasure.

Precedent to which, it must needs be a very great Pleasure to the young Lover, to see himself now the only welcome Guest to the House, where but a little before, every body looked askew upon him.

him: The Graver Sort receive him kindly, the Younger sort familiarly, so that he is become one of the Family already. And it cannot chuse but be a wonderful Pleasure to him, to hear every Body commend his Choice; and telling him withal, what a Virtuous, Careful, Diligent, Kind-Dispositioned Wife he is like to have. For you must know, that after the Business came to be noised abroad, the House is never empty of one or other, in hopes to be invited to the Wedding.

All this while the Plaisterer, the Joyner, and Painter are at work at the Sweetheart's own House, to new furnish the Shop, the Bed Chamber, and the Dining-Room; and to repair the Wainscot, and varnish the Stair-case and Chimney-pieces. And lest that any Thing should be amiss, he brings home his Darling to Direct the Workmen, and to see that all things be done according to her Mind. While she is there, the Upholsterer is also sent for to measure the Room, and to contrive the standing of the Bedstead. And at the same Time she orders what Hangings she will have; bids him bring to her Patterns for the Curtains and Vallens, referring the rest till she comes to his Shop herself. Nor must she go empty away neither; there's a Treatment attends her: Out comes the Silver Tankard, two Bottles of White-Wine, a Plate of Sugar with a Silver Spoon, the best Pewter Dish in his Kitchen, and four cold Chichens, with an excuse for Batchelor's Fare; but hoping withal that Things will be better when she does come to have the Management of his Affairs: Upon which she gives him a gracious Smile, and he remains the most satisfied Person in the World: Certainly no Man can think but that there must be a deal of Pleasure in all this.

Then

Then he carries her home again, where they are stayed for, by Mrs. *Prittle-Prattle*, and Mrs. *Twittle-Twattle*, who long to see Mr. *Bridegroom* Elect, that they may be able to spend their Judgments as they pass home together. Well—— and when's the Day, cries One? When's the Day cries a Second? Laud—If I was so near it, cries a Third, I should never be at rest till the Business was over. Not so fast, quoth the Mother, I don't intend to marry my Daughter in hugger-mugger; I'll have her married like my Child——not among the Rabble at the *Minories*——but with a Licence beshrew my Heart, yet not at our own Parish Church neither——for that's too near to make any Shew as we Ride along. Truly, Madam, cries Mrs. *Prittle-Prattle*, you do very well, I like none of your Stollen Weddings, not I, for it may so happen that the Parson may die, before I may think of getting a Certificate——and then if my Husband and I should fall out, and he should deny me to be his Wife, in what a pickle should I be? No, no, Madam, you act prudently, make a publick Wedding, and then all will be Safe, according to the Proverb, *Fast bind, Fast find.*

Then the young Gentleman takes upon him to call the Maid, for he has in a manner two Homes for the present; and bids her bring a Bottle of Sack: Straight up comes the Maid with a Bottle, a clean Glass, and a Diaper Napkin, and the Mother drinks to Mrs. *Prittle-Prattle*; Mrs. *Prittle-Prattle* presents her Service to the young Gentleman, and wishes him all happiness, holds up her Dagger-hand and Tosses all up. The Gentleman drinks to Mrs. *Twittle-Twattle*, and
Mrs.

Mrs. *Twittle-Twattle* curtsies to the young Lady, commends her Choice, wishes herself a Widow, that she may choose for her too; and then takes off her Liquor: As for the young Lady she only sips, and sets down the *Glass*. Now methinks these are very Pretty Pastimes for a young Man: Hang Shopkeeping for five or six Months——The Portion will pay for loss of Time; 'tis a hard Bargain else.

But Heavens Bless us! there's a great deal more Pleasure yet to come. For the young Man Must still continue his Visits, as a Duty incumbent: He must visit her the next Day, and the next, and the next, and the next, nay I know not how many next: But that's not a Straw matter, for every next Day has still new pleasures attending it. Nay, it may so happen that the very next Day, He's no sooner popp'd in a Doors, but he sees several Bags of Money carried up Stairs, call'd in from the Scrivener to pay his Wife's Portion. Cuds foot that's a Pleasure indeed. Then he runs up Stairs to his Mistress's Chamber, Kisses her, and Smuggles her again and again, and asks her what Service she has to command him that Day? Perhaps he finds her a Bed, and then he Kisses her a Bed, and that's another Pleasure; she bids him go into the Kitchen, and she'll come to him presently——So away he goes, and provides her a Morning's Draught against she comes down. Presently down she comes; and the Mother, and Daughter, and He, drink all three together. For the Father is a Man of Business, and leaves all to the Discretion of his Sober Wife.

Now I say that for this Lady, and a Fig for her,
she

she did not, to try his Obedience, enjoyn him a tedious Journey into *France*, for new Modes and new-Fashioned Stuffs—she did not send him galloping about the Country for impossible Dainties against her Wedding Dinner. Nor did she capitalate with him for Superiority; nor did she Aim at it, that ever I heard of, like the *Northern Lady*, though she went without it, because she met with her Match. There was a certain *Northern Knight*, who being Young, Brave, Brisk, and Heir to his Father, had several Matches proposed to him. Among the rest, he had the offer of two Sisters. What's their Portions? (quoth he.) So; (quoth they) What's their Conditions? Why truly the Eldest was of a Disposition very haughty and imperious, but very handsome; the Younger Mild and Gentle, but otherwise indifferent: Gad quoth he, if any of the Two, the Eldest and the Handsomest, let her be the Devil. Away he rides, he sees her, likes her, courts her, and concludes the Match, But Madam, quoth he, before we go to Church, there is one Agreement to be made between us both: I understand your Humour, and therefore, pray Madam, let us be both at a Certainty: Will you reign Lady, Paramount the first Year, and obey me all the rest of your Life? or, shall I Command the first Year, and all my Days after be your Vassal? The young Fire-Drake believing that if she got the start of him the first Year, she should easily rule the Roast all the rest of the Time, made Answer, She would be Empress the first Year. Content, quoth the Knight: *And so they Two, for better for worse,* were Married. But she had better have chosen the last Proposition, for it cost her three of her
Teeth,

Teeth, for thinking to exercise her Authority after her time was expired. 'Tis true, the Lady played the Devil with two Sticks during her Year but the Knight had the Pleasure all the while to think how he should nick her when it came to his Turn. And so he did with a Vengeance, and made her one of the most obedient Wives afterwards in all the whole Country; and that was another Pleasure to him as long as he lived.

But this Lady did not lay any such imperious Impositions upon her designed Husband: She only sent him for Patterns of Silk, Gold, and Silver Laces and Ribbands; or else ordered him to attend her to *Pater-Noster-Row*, and the *Exchange*, for to make her own Choice; which was all the while a Pleasure to him to be always in his Mistress's Presence, and to find how fond she was of him, that she could not endure him out of her sight.

Well——and when they come home again, was it not a great Pleasure to him to be asked his Advice, which Stuff, or which Lace he liked best? And when he brings to her the Patterns of his Cloth and his Buttons, and asks her which she likes best? After that he carries her abroad to help him to buy his Cravats and his Linen: And at last, he likes what she buys, and she likes what he chuses, and so there's a Unanimous Consent and Harmony between them; which of Necessity must be the greatest Pleasure imaginable. You cannot imagine what Pleasure some Men take in spending their Money to little purpose; but if they take a Delight in so doing they have the Pleasure of it, and what's that to any Body.

After

After this, she gives him the Names of her intended Bride-Maids, and what other young Gentlewomen she would have at the Wedding. On the other side, he gives her the Names of his Bride-men, and a List of what Friends he designs to grace the Solemnity: For, quoth he, there will be Dancing, and 'tis fit the Number of Males and Females should be equal, lest that any of the Gentlewomen should take Pepper in the Nose, for being forced to sit still for want of Company. 'Tis very True, quoth she, and I believe that it will be taken the more kindly, if you do go about, and invite them yourself. Here is no Compulsion, but still the Pleasure of obeying the gentle Commands of a Complaisant Mistress; the Pleasure of appearing Trim to his own and Mistress's Friends, and the Pleasure of carrying them the News of this approaching Happiness.

Well——away he trots, and Methinks I see him trip so lightly, and with so much Pleasure and Gaiety in his Countenance, that I cannot but severely blame the Disingenuity of those that scandalize this pleasing Labour of a Drudgery, and wearing out of Shoe-Leather. As if a Man could think it a Trouble, or grudge a little Pains to gratify the Requests of a kind Mistress. Some cry out, he may thence conjecture, if he be not a Fool, what he must trust to hereafter. But I say, there is no such dreadful Consequence; for the *Penny-Post* will serve at other times; but upon such a Serious Occasion as this, 'tis fit the Young Gentleman should do his own Errands himself. Besides that, if the Portion be a good round Sum, I think he's well paid for his Pains.

You

You may be sure he does not go for the Taylor, nor the Seamstress, they come with a whistle; a Porter will fetch them with a Vengeance. And here's another Pleasure attends him, to find so many People of all Trades courting his Custom, and to observe the Discretion and prudent Thrift of his Mistress, in driving her Bargains with every one. A certain sign of a saving Wife, and a Plain Demonstration that she is no Fool, to be choused of her Money; which cannot chuse but be a great Pleasure to him.

Within three or four Days, the Taylor brings home the Wedding-Cloaths, at what Time the Young Lady tries them on. Heavens! what a sight is there? The young *Inamorato* is surprized to behold her, although but in half her Splendour; he scarce can think her to be a Mortal Creature, and Blesses himself that he does not live in the Time when the Heathenish Gods were such Whore-masters as they were: Hold a blow, *Jupiter*, quoth he to himself, your Dancing Days are done, thanks to my good Stars; else certainly, such an *Europa* as this could never have escaped your Celestial Embraces, and I had been the unhappiest Person in the World. But the Gown being on, several Faults are found by the Spectators: Here is a Pleat that is laid amis; or it sits too full in the Shoulders, and makes her look Hunch-backed; or it is too big in the Waist: For you must know the Lady is naturally so slender, you may Span her with both your Hands; but the confounded Bungler of a Taylor would needs be sewing in Bolsters a little above her left Hip for to hide Deformities where there were none. This puts the young Gentlewoman into

D

a kind

a kind of a Fret, which causes the young Gentleman to break forth into a kind of a Passion——Cuds foot, quoth he to the Taylor, where were your Eyes? To which the Taylor pleading, that the Bolster really was no bigger than a Walnut, and that most Ladies went in a little more or less in that Part,——Pox take your Walnuts, quoth the young Hector, doth the Lady look as if she wanted Walnuts in her Sides: Pray take out your Walnuts again, and do your Work as you should do, Workman-like, or I will make you stay for your Money 'till next Year's Walnuts are ripe. With that, the Cloaths are pulled off again, and they fall to measuring the Lace, and find wanting from the Petticoat a Yard and a Half, and about two Yards from the Skirt of the Gown. This puts the Lady in the Dumps: The Gentleman for to please her, Talks of nothing but entering his Action, and swears he will spend the worth of the Gown, but he will make poor Prick-louse an Example. But the Taylor telling him he had the rest at home, but forgot to bring it, all's well again.

Now this is the only Vexation, let Malicious People say what they can, that ever I could find attended a young Wooer before Marriage: However, it begets another new Pleasure far exceeding the former Disturbance: For the young Wooer cannot but be highly pleased, for to find an Occasion given to shew his Zeal to his Mistress, and his readiness to revenge the Injury done her by that Son of a Whore, the Taylor; and to shew her likewise that he could contain his Anger within the bounds of Moderation: for some young Gentlemen would have cut the Taylor's Ecars off,
and

and flung the wedding-Cloaths in the Fire: But what could the young Lady have said then? This Gentleman's too hot for me; if he throws my Cloaths in the Fire already, what will he do when he has me? I'll recoil in time. Therefore the young Gentleman did prudently, and he that Acts prudently, must always be pleased with what he does, because he finds the good Effects of it.

'Tis true, there is a little Contention and petty Brangling; sometimes between the intended Bride-maids, about dressing up the Bridal-Bed: But that's the greatest Pleasure in the World for to behold; while the young Wooer observes the Care of his Friends, that all things within their Management be done for the best, to the removing all Occassions of Censure and Twittle-Twattle. For suppose one of the Bride-Maids should be for *Yellow Ribbands*, and carry it; Fie, cries one, what Colour is here? I never saw a Bridal-Bed dressed up with the Emblem of *Jealousy* before. Then *Fuilemort* is propounded. A'Lord——Sisters, cries the other Bride-Maid, that's more Ridiculous by half, to prank up a Nuptial Bed with *Feading Love*. I am for *True Blue*, that signifieth *Constancy*? and *Green* denotes *Youth*; put them both together, and there's *Youthful Constancy*: Or else in my Conscience, now I have it; What think you of *Blue* and *Black*? that signifies *Con-tancy* till *Death*. Shaw-way, Sister, cries the other Bride-Maid, those Colours will never match: besides *Green's* a *Melancholy Colour*: Nay, I have heard of *Green* Colour to; and that's the worst Colour of all. Fie, fie, I dont like *Green* by no Means. But the other replying, That she meant *Grass-Green*, which signifieth

nifieth *Youth* and *Jollity*; the other was contented that Colour should stand for one; with which, when the younger Bride-Maid prebounced to mix a *Violet*: *Violet!* quo' the Elder, that's Extravagant; for *Violet* signifies *Religion*: Now I would fain know, what young Married People have to do with *Religion* in Bed. At last they concluded to mingle a *Gold Tissue* with the *Grass-Green*, and so that Chare was charged.

But the Strife was much greater about the choice of the Favours; upon which there arose a very great Dispute. Therefore a Milliner is sent for to be at the Cabal, for to give his Advice. The Bride herself proposes *Blue*, *Gold-Colour*, *Popinjay Green*, and *Lemmon-Colour*; which is also highly applauded by the Bride-groom, out of a generous condescension to please her in all Things; but the Milliner objected against *Golden-Colour*, as signifying *Averice*; *Popinjay-Green*, as denoting *Wantonness*. Marry I dont like your Exception against *Popinjay-Green*, quo' the Elder Bride-Maid: For *Wantonness* is as natural to New-Married People, as to Young Kittens—I would not give a Farthing for a young Husband that would not be *Wanton*: Nay as *Wanton* as a young Colt: and therefore my Opinion is, That *Popinjay-Green*, as a Colour that gives good Instructions to New-Married People, is not to be left out. As for the *Gold-Colour*, indeed, if it signifies *Averice*, away with it; for I hate a covetous Husband. Well, but since there is such Variety in Colours, quoth the young Bride-Maid, let me propose a mixture. What think ye of *Flame-Colour*, *Fleech-Colour*, *Willow* and *Milk-White*? as for *Flame-Colour* quou' the Milliner, you have hit upon it
extremely

extremely well; for it signifies *Beauty* and *Desire*: But *Flech-Colour* signifies *Lasciviousness*; and *Willow*, *Forsaken*. Away with those two last Colours quo' the Elder Bride-Maid — Cuds foot, tho' I love *Wantonness*, I hate *Lasciviousness*. And then again, it would be a rudeness to give *Forsaken* to so many young Ladies and Gentlemen in the Prime of their Years: Keep the *White*, and the *Fame-Colour*, and put in the *Red* and *Sea Green*. The *Red* is well enough, quoth the Milliner, for it signifies *Justice*; but *Sea Green* signifies *Inconstancy*: Let the *Sea Green* serve, quoth the young Bride-Maid, for the *Top Knots*; it may become some Women well enough. But for the *Red* I hold it extraordinary significant for our purpose. For if a young Man marry a young Women, and don't do her *Justice*, he ought to be casheer'd out of the Society of Women. Let me see——*Red* shall stand——and what think ye of adding to it, *Maidens Bluch*, *Cornation*, and *Peach-Colour*, Madam quoth the Milliner, it is well thought of——but for *Maidens Bluch* it signifies *Envy*, and *Carnation*, *Deceit*; which, indeed, might be proper enough, if the Person to be married were a Widow, but for young Virgins not arrived at those Qualities that Reign in riper Years, I think, with humble Submission, they are not so convenient. Come, come, quoth the Elder Maid, keep the *Maiden's-Blush* out for the Bride's *Top-Knot*, and I think we may wear it without offence: For I fear the best of us all will envy her in some measure, for being married before us. Sister, quoth the young Bride-Maid, I am afraid we shall never hit it, and therefore we had better refer it to the Milliner himself.

36 *The Pleasures of Matrimony.*

The Milliner therefore being by all requested to shew his Skill, proposed for the Favours, *Blue, Red, Peach-Colour, and Orange-Tawny*: For the young Ladies *Top-Knots, Flame-Colour, Straw-Colour*, signifying *Plenty, Peach-Colour, Grass-Green, and Milk-White*; and for the Garters, a perfect *Yellow* signifying *Honour and Joy*, and so the Debate ended.

Now, do you not think it was a great Pleasure to hear all these Learned Discourses upon the various Significations of Colours? Do you think it was not a great Pleasure to him, to think that the People should read the Ingenuity of his Bride (for all will be thought for to be her Contrivence) in the very Hats of their Attendants? and discover the Innocence, the Love, the Hopes, the Fertility, and Conjugal Desires of his youthful Choice in her very *Top-Knots*. Hang me, if I know what ye call Pleasures of Wooing, if ye deny these to be Pleasures.

Now help me, O ye Nine! *Polyhymnia, Melpomene, Clio*, and all the rest of the *Heliconian Gang*——yet why do I invoke a Company of stale Wenches that were never married in their Lives! Rather assist me *Venus, Hymen, and Apollo*, to declare those unutterable Pleasures that are to ensue: For now the Sun with early Beams begins to gild the happy Morning appointed for the publick Ceremony. Up starts the watchful Bridegroom, to dress himself in all his gaudy Trim.

The Bride-maids that had no Time to Sleep, for washing of their Silver Necks, and pranking themselves up, ready betimes, make haste into the Bride's Chamber; where they find her wash'd and bath'd, breating nothing but Essence of Oranges
and

and Jessamine; her fine Lac'd *Holland-Smock* newly put on, ready for their Virgin Diligence, strait all hands goes to Work; first this, then that, then another fine *Gewgaw*; untill at length attired in all her Glory, she ceases to be a Mortal, and appears all Angel. Presently, whirled in his Coach, comes the Bridegroom, Perfuming all the House with his *Roman* Gloves; asks for the Bride, and going up into her Chamber, with a submissive Knee, adors his Deity, Kisses the Lillies of Hands, Sips Nectar from her Lips for his Morning's Draught, and then Conducts her down into the Room of State, where both prepar'd, stand to welcome their invited Guests, that drop in altogether as it were with unanimous Watches in their Pockets, so careful were they to observe the Hour.

Thus all Things ready, all in comely Order, they take Coach, environ'd with a Throng of Starers and Gapers, that will hardly permit the Horses to go along. There's a pretty Couple cries one—There's a curious Couple, cries another—Here will be sweet Work at Night, cries a third—The shops are full of Night-rails—and what Wedding's this? The Rabble run wondering and the Dogs run barking; but the City Marshal Riding before, keeps all off 'till the Church-Doors are shut.

After a short Stay, out they come again; at which Time the Beggars give nim Joy; and then the Bridegroom, for the Grandeur of the Business throws them a small Handfull of single Money, and sets them all a Scrambling; so taking Coach again, they all return Home as they came, or else to some Hall, with they same Rabble at their Heels,

Heels, that attended them to Church. Now it is a Pleasure to be attended by the Rabble; 'tis a Mark of Greatness: Great Men count it a great Happiness to be Popular. You see the Bridegroom was resolved to make a Show, should the Rabble then have been sullen, and not come forth to have seen it, all his Money had been thrown away, and he lost the pleasure of his Expence. But the Babble were kind, and gratify'd his Expectations, which in my Opinion, could not but be an undoubted Pleasure to any Man that thinks it a Pleasure to make a show of himself.

Now you must suppose the Father and the Mother, the Bride, and the Bridegroom, to be all in a great Hall, or in a great Room, all together, in Expectation of a great Dinner. The Guests are all to salute the Bride and the Bridegroom is to salute all the young Gentlewomen. And I think there's a great deal of Pleasure in that too: I dare I dare say, were he to lie with 'em all Night, he'd find less Pleasure in that, than in Kissing 'em all at Noon. Nor is there less Pleasure in receiving of the kind Wishes of Happiness and Prosperity, whole Busshels and Sacks full from such a glorious Assembly. They remember his Father was no Retailer of a Tradesman, and therefore they pour their Benedictions upon him by Wholesale. Nor is the Bridegroom a Clown:—Come Gentlemen, quoth he, What do ye think of a Whet before Dinner; it is the Fashion now-a-days, from the Church to the Tavern: With that he begins a Bumper, and sees it go round, more especially among the Men, for the Women are spared as the weaker Vessels. There are two Bride-Maids, and therefore he begins t'other Glass; and
when

when that he has gone round, is just laying his Hand upon a third, but his Bride desirs him not to Drink too much before Dinner, for fear of spoiling his Stomach.

But what ? is there no discourse among 'em ? Little to the porpose, yet — that's all to come. — People never begin to talk, you know 'till their Bellies are half full — Hark — What's the matter now ! the Shaumes, the Shaumes, — Dinner's coming up — and by and by the Dishes are marshalled with as much Formality as at a Lord-Mayor's-Feast. At what time the Knot-knitter having said Grace, they all take their places according to their Parents Degree in the Parish ; the Alderman's Son above the Common-Council Man's ; the Common-Council-Man's above the Church Warden's, and so on ; the Bridegroom being at the lower end of the Table : They are so exact, there needs no Herald to place them : And so fall on, Gentlemen.

I shall not need to tell ye, Gentlemen, what Pleasure a Bridegroom may take in Eating ; you all know it well enough ; but it cannot chuse but be a great Pleasure to see all the Table Address their Glasses first to his Bride, and then to him ; for it is a miraculous Mark of their respect to him and his Bride : Upon which their attends another very great Pleasure to the Bridegroom, if he can but keep himself sober till he goes to bed. I will not say there passes much discourse during the first Course ; the second produces more ; for toward the end of that, a grave Gentleman, with a Jolly Red Nose, the Bride's Father's Crony, and Fellow-Clubber at the Tavern for his Evening-Draught, begins an Harangue in Praise of Marriage.

riage. He tells the Company, That Marriage was first instituted in Paradise; At which the Religious young Men all pull off their Hats. He tells them, that Marriage is that, without which the Church will want Pastors, and Kingdoms their Defence. He tells them, that Children are the Blessing of Heaven, and that the *Jewish* Women accounted Barrenness the greatest Scandal in the World—Ah, and so do the *English* Women too, cry'd a grave Matron Midwife, an Assosiate to the Bride's Mother (for such sort of Cattle as they, will crowd in, if possible, upon such Occasions) and I should be sorry, as well for my own, as my young Mistress's sake, that she should prove Barren; for I hope to carry her First Boy to the Font, as Old as I am; for my own part, I had Eleven Children in Eight Years; and I dare say, my young Mistress is as likely as I, if my young Master be as well provided for as my Husband, which I make no Question but that he is. This Interruption being over, the grave Gentleman went on and told to them, That Marriage was not only Esteem'd by the *Christians*, but *Pagans*; and how that the *Lacedemonians* instituted a great Festival, where all Men that were not married before Twenty, were to be Whipped by the Women, as Droues, and Persons not fit to serve in the Common-Wealth. And how that the *Romans* crown'd the Foreheads of those that have been several Times Married, with Garlands of Palm-Tree. He would have gone on, but that he espied a Warden-Pie that made Water in his Mouth, and caused him to conclude his Discourse. The Midwife, glad of the Opportunity, she resolv'd to set a new Discourse abroach. To which
purpose,

purpose, addressing herself to the Grave Gentleman, Sir, quoth she, which do you think to be the fittest Age for two young Couple to marry at ? But the Gentleman returning no Answer, because his Mouth was full of Crust and Pear——Why then, young Gentlemen and Ladies, all that are present, pray mark my Words——I knew a young Man that got a Maid with Child at Nine Years of Age : You may call him a Boy, because he was so Young ; but I call him a Man, because he got a Child, Mother, quoth a Brisk Lad at the Table, I am afraid that that maid had some other Help besides the young Man of Nine Years of Age : And with that they all fell a Laughing ; nay, Mrs. *Bride* herself was forced to pull down her Hood over her Eyes. Gentlemen, quoth the Midwife, let them laugh that win, but the Story's as true, as that I take off this Glass, and so here's to ye all, Ladies and Gentlemen, and I heartly wish ye good Luck. Nay, more than that, setting down her Glass, I have heard of another, that at Ten Years of Age got his Nurse with Child. And I have a very good Author for what I say, if the Report of a very Scholar that told me the Story be but true, Laugh ye now. And therefore I would advise all married People, not let their young Children, Brothers and Sisters, lie together, as frequently they do, because they look upon them to be but Boys and Girls. If what I have said, may seem strange, I am sure all Physians will allow this, that Maids are ripe at Fourteen, and Men at Seventeen : After that Age both Sexes hone after Wedlock, or something else : And therefore said a Wise Friend of mine, *Marry your Daughters betimes, or they'll Mary themselves.*
You

42 *The Pleasures of Matrimoney.*

You may think I speak to promote my own Trade, but I protest, Ladies and Gentlemen, I speak Cordially what I think.

Certainly this Discourse must be very great Pleasure to the young Bridegroom ; first, To hear the State of Matrimony into which he was now enter'd, so highly commended by a Grave and experienced Gentleman ; and Secondly, to hear such an ample Testimoney given of his Wife's Ability by a Sober Matron who had known her from her Infancy : but above all, he could not chuse but be pleas'd to hear there were such great Pleasures in Matrimony, that Children not above Nine or Ten Years of Age could not forbear 'em. And the Thoughts of these Pleasures overcame him of a sudden in such a manner, that immediately up he starts, takes a full Glass, and with a low Bow, Drinks to the Bride. at which all the young Gentlemen rise up, and weaving their Hats over their Heads with a loud Voice, cry'd out, Long live the Bride and Bridegroom.

We will suppose the Dinner now over, the Cloth taken away, and all upon their Legs: At which time the Midwife coming up to the Bridegroom, and whispering him in the Ear, Son (quoth she) for a *Maidenhead*, I'll warrant thee Boy: But crop the Flower gently for fear of pulling up the Plant by the Roots——Then leading him to the Bride,——Now the *Blessing of God* light upon then young Mistress of mine. A whole Dicker of Boys and Girls Crown her Endeavours either by Night or Day, and may she live to be a Great Grand-Mother, and Foundress of an Hospital after her Decease. Then, turning to the Guest, Ladies and Gentlemen (quoth she)
make

make haste and follow the Example of this fair Couple—— Ah, what says the Song? *Gather you Rose-Buds*——I hope I need say no more to ye——Now strike up Fiddles——for at all Weddings there must be two sorts of Dancing. First, move Heels and tails, then Heels lie still and tales move——which are the chief Words of Command in all *Cupid's Military Disciplin*.

The Midwife seeing 'em all ready to lead up, Now, by my Troth (quoth she) Pidgeons were never better Pair'd: Now, If I might have my Will, I'd have 'em all instantly Marry'd as they stand Coupled.——Oh, what a happy Day would this be then! By my Troth, I am all for Matrimony-Mischief——Come, come, my Masters, *Encrease and Multiply*, was the first Command in the World. Ay, ay, Mother quoth the Crackrope of the Company, 'twill come to our Turns all in good time, as the Fellow said, that was to be the last ty'd up; and so they fell to Work, and there let 'em wriggle their Tails till their Heels are weary; 'twill digest their Dinners. Nor is it less Pastime for the Ancient People, whose Eyes all fix'd upon the Bridegroom, to see how he bestirs himself, how he cuts Capers and Cross Capers like a Hilander, how he Dances with his Feet and his Hands like a Toad in a String, and how his Tail and his Head keep Time together, like a Crow that is picking of Nuts. Nor has he less Pleasure to perceive how the grave Judges admire him, whisper together, and make their Comments upon him. But the Midwife speaks home and loud, God-a-Mercy, young *True-penny*, quoth she, there's a Back will never fail a Woman, I warrant it.

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Thus

Thus they dance on, 'till Supper comes in; during all which Time, there is nothing Eaten but with Commendations of the Bridegroom's Generosity, nothing Drank but his and the Bride's Happiness and Prosperity; which with a Banquet and another short Dancing-bout, concludes the Work of the Day, and now begins the Work of the Night. For,

After all these Pleasures comes the Consumation of all Felicity. The Bride and Bridegroom are put to Bed, but let his Concupiscence be ever so Rampant, he must have a little Patience; but the Pleasures will recompence it: For the Company know they are never more to see their young Play-fellow in *stutu quo prius* any more; and therefore now, or never, they must come and take leave of the Bride's Maidenhead. Which done, up comes the Wedding's-Night old Friend, and humble Servant, the *Sack-Poset*; out of an ancient Custom of the English Matrons, who believe that Sack will make a Man lusty, and Sugar will make him kind. Besides, the Guests will be Treated where-ever they come, and nothing so proper to conclude, as with a light *Sack-Poset*, especially when two of the Shares are bound tight in their Bed. Nor can the Bride and the Bridegroom be rid of this useless *Sack-Poset* till one of the young Ladies understanding that Moral Principle of *Doing as you would be done unto*; instead of throwing the Stocking at the Bride, flings it full into the Bason, and then it is time to take the *Poset* away, which done, they at last kiss round, and so depart.

And thus the Lovers left alone, you may be sure that the Bridegroom is not idle. Those
Snowy

Snowy Breasts which so lately he scarce durst lay his little Finger on, he now grasps by whole Palms full; he has now free Liberty to enjoy, what before his Thoughts durst scarce approach without Guilt.

But now let him wanton 'till he's weary, or rather till the Mother and the Midwife come to visit him next Morning, and to see how her Daughter does. Which they are as sure to do, as the Sun shines; they have been at the Sport themselves, and therefore know what's good to repair the losses in venereal Combats. Well, Son how is it? quoth the Mother, Never better, cries the Bridegroom; and with that she reaches him a Plate of *Eringo's* to give his Bride, and Eat himself: Then she fills him a Bowl of Tent, with a new lay'd-Egg in it; which the Bridegroom mannerly presenting to his Darling Delight, the Mother fills him out another of the same. The Bride has no sooner drank, but the Midwife is at her, with a whisper in her Ear, to tell——To which, for that time, the young Lady answers only with a Bluch. But the Bridegroom guessing at the purport of the question, Oh Mistress, quoth he, that is not to be answered 'till we rise for good and all, you see we have taken a new Recruit——stay till the Physick has done Working, and then put first and last together. Upon that the Mother and the Midwife go forth again, and leave the young Couple alone as they found 'em: Who both conclude to take a short nap to digest their Morning's Draught, and encouraging Breakfast; but no sooner are Male and Female clasp'd together, when first comes the Fiddlers and Scrape him a wicked *Reveillez*, the Drums Rattle, the Shaums Tone, the Trumpets Sound

Sound *Tan-ta-ra-ra-ra* ; and the whole Street Rings with the Benedictions and good Wishes of Fiddlers, Drummers, Pipers, and Trumpeters. You may safely say, Now the Wedding's Proclaim'd : In the midst of which Noise the Bridegroom, unwilling to pay his Musick for nothing, gets up and Dances to as many of their Tunes as Interval and Opportunity will give him leave. Now is not this a Blessed Time ? Here are no less than all Four Senses pleased at that Time, Feeling, Seeing, Hearing, and Smelling ; and for the Fifth, of Tasting, it had its Turn but a little before. And thus for a whole Week together, nothing but Mirth and Jollity, nothing but Visiting and being Visited, besides a great Entertainment giving by the Two Bridemen at some eminent Tavern or other ; till Time at length Jogs the Bridegroom by the Elbow, and tells him 'tis time to look after his worldly Affairs.

Now some they are that Laugh at all this Pomp and Public Ceremony ; and say, that Fools and their Money were soon parted ; and that 'tis the only way for a Man so to habituate his Wife to Pleasure, that 'twill be hard matter to wean her from it : And therefore there are some that have Money enough, yet so much Prudence to boot, that after they are agreed, without troubling Taylors for new Cloaths, or Seamstress for new Linnen, Sneak to Church by themselves, Sneak to a Tavern by themselves, make a Weddin Dinner by themselves, upon a *French Roll* and a Bottle of Claret, then Sneak to Bed by themselves ; and so there's a great deal of Money sav'd and the Fiddlers disappointed to boot. 'Tis a bad Sign, when a young Man is forced to Tap his Portion to
buy

buy him his Wedding Gallantry? for many Times the Devil himself can hardly get in the Spicket again.

But to this, I say, let every Man do as he pleases, and he will be sure to be pleased. All Men have their Humours; and he that has his Humour, has his Pleasure. However, this is certain the Pleasures of Prodigal Wooing are far more Numerous than those of Stingey Courtship. All Men are not born *Cræsus's*; nor have all Men Money or Time to keep Open-House; and therefore the Journey-man Carpenter that rose Early all the Week along, and therefore marry'd of a *Saturday*, made a good answer to them that ask'd him why he marry'd of a *Saturday*? Because (said he) I might lie the longer a Bed with my Wife a *Sunday* Morning. 'Tis not for a 'Prentice that Marries before he is out of his Time, to Proclaim his Wedding; yet the stolen Pleasure of a Wife laid up in Lavender, must be of necessity be very sweet; besides, the Pleasure of putting a daily Cheat upon the World, who believe him a Bachelor, when perhaps he has two or three Children. So that let a Man be Rich or Poor, Prodigal or Covetous; there is both Pleasure in Wooing, and Pleasure Wedding contrary to that damnable Position of your *Anti-Matrimonialists*, who cry down Matrimony because they would have all Women be common.

III. *Of House-Keeping Expences: Together with several pleasant Digressions.*

How do you say, Friend, is there no pleasure in House-Keeping? 'Tis a bold Assertion, and you shall hear more of it by and by: For now I think of it, my Young Married Couple are still at the Wife's Parents; and I must go fetch them home, before they get an Habit of Rambling.

But that's done to my hand; for Time as I said before, has given the young Bridegroom an *Item* in private, that the Hours have Wings, and that Bags will grow empty unless filled again. Thereupon abandoning his Pleasures and Honey-Moon Delights, and that's the greatest Pleasure in the World, for a Man to be able to deny himself; he brings home his Wife, puts on his ordinary Weeds, and begins to consider of what he has to do. And I hope there is never a *Manichean* of them all, but will confess it to be a very great Pleasure to a Man to look after his own Business: and if he sees his Wife no less diligent in her own station, that's as great a Pleasure as can be. There's no Man in the World so silly, but that before he goes about to marry, he has so much Insight into the World, as to know that the best Housewife in Nature can never be able for her to shew her Art, her Education, and her Housewifery upon bare Walls. 'Tis a Thousand Pound to a Penny, but that in his Batchelour Visits, before that he married her, he might see her, sometimes with her slender Fingers pinching up an Apple-Tart, or most industriously labouring to make the Sides of a Goose-Pye stand; and in the midst of this her Housewifery Employment, calling for this and that Kitchen Utensil, as she wanted it, by hard Names that were all Heathen Greek to him. Or else at another Time, he might perhaps behold her with a Silver Ladle scumming off
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the Froth from a Pipkin of Damascens, which she Perserving over the Fire, or else more labouriously tiring herself for to make Rasbery Brandy. And then it was Time to have consider'd, whether such a Wife were convenient for him or no: For he might be sure, *What was bred in the Bone, would never be got out of the Flesh*; as she had been bred, so she would expect to be maintained. He sees how her Mother's House was Furnish'd; the Kitchen full of Brass and Pewter; the Parlour and Dining-Room neatly accoutered, and all Things Trim and Proper above Stairs: And could he think but that when she was his Wife, she would look for the same in her own House? I would fain know, which a Rational Man would take for the greatest Pleasure, to see his Wife always industriously employed at Home, or never for to be at Home but at Nights, and then not 'till the Watch cries *Past Twelve o'Clock*; but still whip out of Doors, as soon as she gets Dress'd, and spending her time at the Play-Houses, or else losing Money at Cards, at this or that Gossips House, where she finds Company most suitable to her Humour.

'Tis true, there are some Men that take it for a great Pleasure to bring their new Married Wives to a House ready furnish'd before-hand. But others more indulgent, please themselves in believing it much better, to spare that Trouble till they are married, and is much more satisfied that he has an Opportunity to let his Wife have the Liberty to please herself; believing, as it is but Reason, that she being us'd to it, has more Experience to know what she wants, than he can pretend to. Now there is no Woman in the World can shew her Housewifery and her Ingenuity in a House where
there

there is nothing but bare Wall; *They that go a Borrowing, go a Sorrowing*, says the Proverb. That Woman is in an ill Condition, that must be forc'd to send to her Neighbours for every Skillet or Stew-Pan, or Washing-Tub, she wants; which are many times deny'd and as frequently lent with an Ill-will. But she that has all Things necessary about her, need never be beholden to her neighbours. And therefore in my Opinion, it ought to be so far from being an ungardful sound, that it should be like the Musick of *S. Pulchre's* Chimes in his Ears, when his Wife asks him for Money to buy necessaries. If she Aim to be a little more gay and Sumptuous than Ordinary; that ought to be only Pleasure to him: *For the best is the best Cheap*. She becomes the Envy of her Neighbours that came to visit her, and her Reputation runs through the Parish like Wild-fire; the brightness of the Bosses of her Fire-Irons, and the glaring Lustre of her Pewter and Preserving-Pan, are the Discourse of all her Acquaintance; the Sleekness of her rubb'd Rooms, and the cleanly Neatness of her Carpets, Chairs and Stools, with her Frames rubb'd as slick as the Toe of a new Shoe, are spread abroad to her never-dying Honour. All which must certainly be a very great Pleasure to an Husband. And then again, when houshold-goods are once bought, ther's an end of that Story. Good Housewifery and Management make every thing last long; or if it happens that there must be an exchange now and then, the expence is indispensible, but the supply is obvious and remarkable. What a Pox should a Woman give Three or Four Pounds a Year to a Couple of massy Fat-Buttoc'd Queans, but to keep all things tight and cleanly, one above
Stairs

Stairs and the other below? 'Tis the Humour of Men to love Cleanliness, but they do not love to be within when there is any Scrubbing or Washing-Work to be done; they do not love Holes in their Heels of their Stockings, nor their Ruffles to hang like Bell-Ropes; but they scorn to set a stitch to mend 'em themselves. If then the Wife will take the Trouble upon her to see all these Inconveniences remedied herself, surely it ought to be a very great Pleasure to a Man. Nor is it a *Venetian* Looking-Glass, a little *China-Ware*, *Persian* Carpet, two or three Pictures, or an *Indian* Cabinet, that ought to break squares between a Man and his Wife. And then for Plate, the more he has, the Richer he is. Rather it ought to be a great Pleasure to an Husband, That his Wife does require nothing from him, but what redounds to his Honour. For certainly the Politeness and Curiosity of a Woman, adds greatly to the Reputation of her Husband; and I am apt to believe, that were it not for the little requisite Pride and Vanity of Women, Men would be the most nasty Beasts and Slovens in the World. How like a Paradise such a one's House lies! cries one. It would do your very Heart good but to look into the Room! cries another. And all judge, that all this never could be, that her Indulgent Husband allows it; which must needs greatly redound to his Praise; nor can there be a greater Pleasure, than that which proceeds from Commendation. Nay, if it were but for the wholesomeness of it, and the Prolongation of Life, who would not rather chuse to live in a Palace of an Habitation, than in an Hogsty of an House. In the one he sees the Rooms decently hung, the Beds sweet and clean, and the very Air
it

it self purified by good Housewifery. In the other you do find nothing but Dirt to the Ancles; the Andirons rusty, the inside of the Tester all full of Cobwebs, that a Man will be afraid to sleep with his Mought open, for fear the Spiders should drop in it; go into the Mistress's Chamber, and the first Glance of your Eye gives you the Prospect of an open Closestool, and a Chamber-Pot full charged, as if the Woman thought all that came from her, were nothing but Civit, and Essence of Orange-Flowers. In the one, a Man lives with Pleasure and Delight; in the other he goes to his Grave, Poysoned with the Stench of his Wife's Nastiness.

Another thing laid to the Woman's Charge is, her lavishing out in Entertainments; as if, it became a Woman of any Quality, to grudge her Friends when they come for to see her, a Glass of Wine, a Dish of Sweet-Meats; which perhaps she was so good an Housewife, as to make herself. The most Prodigal woman will never give Treatments, but where they are sure never to be treated again; and it is not to be thought that a prudent and thrifty Woman will be less wary. If sometimes she shews herself Generous to those that have been niggardly to her, it argues that she neither did it to shew that she was better Married than the other; or else for to upbraid and shame that want of Civility which the other had been guilty of. I'll warrant the same Woman shall never take of her Bounty twice together. I must confess, it is no such infalliable Mark of a generous Spirit, to Entertain, for the sake of being Entertain'd again. Many Women do it, to shew that the live in Plenty, which redounds to the
Credit,

Credit, and consequently the Pleasure of the Husband, and for to merit Applause themselves; which cannot but very much please a Husband, when he hears a broad, the good use which his Wife makes at home of his Liberality. If a Man meets with the Virtue of Liberality in his Wife, he ought by no means for to stifle it for fear he meet with it no more; for I look upon Chastity rather to be a Duty than a Virtue. 'Tis the Temper of her Body that many Times renders a Woman Chaste; but it is the Temper of her Mind, that renders her Generous and Liberal. If a Woman launch out one Day for her Husband's Credit, and save three Days after for her Husband's Profit, where's the Extravagance so much to be complained of? Besides, if she does not junket in Hugger-Mugger, and the Husband may come in for his share, and take the Pleasure of his own Indulgence. He that spends little abroad, and most at home, may well permit his Wife to entertain her Friends, now and then, without Prejudice to his Estate. The Wine Tastes as well at home, as at the Tavern; and a Capon may be as well dress'd in his own Kitchen, as at a French Ordinary; and I am sure with less Expence, that a prudent Wife knows, and therefore is now and then a little more than usually lavish at home, to draw her Husband into a good Opinion of his own House.

'Tis true, there are several extravagant young Coxcombs, that marry hand over-head; but Wedlock is not to be scandaliz'd and abus'd for the miscarriage of Fools. 'Tis not what Men that have any thing of reasonable Foundation to fix upon, spend at home in Household-stuff and good Chear, that brings 'em to take out *Duce's* from the
Counter,

Counter, to carry them to *Ludgate*, or *Tip-staff* 'em over the Water; but their marrying of Wives before they know how to Maintain them. By their bouncing and cracking and huffing, they get an indifferant Portion with an unwary Girl, as willing to be married as themselves; and while that lasts they live like Princes; but when all is gone, they vanish too. Their Wives think 'em to be the same Persons they seem to be, and are willing to live at the same Port which their Husbands pretend to. Ambition in Women is no way to be discommended, rather laudable, where there is an Estate to maintain it: But if her Husband deceive her, 'twas not the Wife's Ambition to be equal with her Neighbours, nor her free Entertainment of her Friends, and many times her Husband's Acquaintance, as well as hers, that occasion'd the Dislocation of the whole Family; but the Folly of the Husband, who did not in Time inform her of his Condition. So that the Man may be said to undoe the Woman, but not the Woman to undoe the Man.

Nay, suppose the Woman be bad, if the Man be so too; if the Woman be a Spendthrift, if the Man be so too; why should the blame be laid upon Wedlock? 'Twas not a fault in Matrimony; for ought I see, they are both equally Match'd: 'Tis not the Yoke of Matrimony that lies heavy upon the Man, but his own Folly and Vanity, that will not permit him to have any Government of himself, nor his Wife neither. The Woman is to be commended, *To make Hay, whilst the Sun Shines*; You some, and I some, is but fair Play; She sees her Portion a going, and there's all the Reason in the World she should spend her share, else 'twere
a very

a very hard Case. The Woman is not to be blamed for spending her own, when she sees her Husband else would spend it for her. And all is gone, let them go lovingly a Begging together; and then the Man takes her again for *Poorer*, as he took before for *Richer*; which still makes good the second Condition of Matrimony, without any Complaint from either side.

But suppose the Woman to be a Spendthrift, and the Husband as miserable as old *Strechly*; yet is not Matrimony for to blambred in this Case neither: For a prudent Man would examine the Conditions of his Wife, before he enters into bonds. If the Man will carry her to Church, the Parson is to do his Duty. Now, I'll warrant you, this was some *Smithfield Bargain*; this was some clutched Hun'k, that would have the young Maid whether she would or no, and her Parents would force her for him, she then plays the Devil. Truly, it is no more than he deserves; where all such Matrimonial *Barterers* so condignly punished, there would be fewer than there are; and if there were none at all, it would not be a Half-penny matter.

I must confess there is a general Clamour against Matrimony, for the sake of expensive Wives. But I say, it is for the Honour of the Nation, that Women should go fine. To see so many broad Lac'd Petticoates, so many sumptuous Mantaus, flaring with Flowers of Silver and Gold, marching through the Streets of *London* on a *Sunday*, it shews the Riches of the Kingdom. A Chamber-Maid, whose whole Estate is only a light Porter's Burden in a Trunk of an ordinary Size, marked *A. F.* if you see her upon a Holy-day, you cannot distinguish

guish between her and her Mistress. Now all this Bravery must cost Money ; and therefore it shews the Wealth of a Nation, that a Company of Men should Export such vast Sums of Gold to fetch in your Indian Riff-raff of unnecessary Silks and Chites, and a world of other shitten-come-shites, and yet that there should remain so much Gold behind to purchase so much Galantry. Then again, it is a great Mark of the Virtue and Chastity of the English Women. For where there is much Bravery there is much Temptation. For your glorious Petticoats inflame Men with an ardent Desire to understand what those hidden Beauties are that lie conceal'd under so much Pomp and Gallantry. But if a hot Cod-piec'd Spark do but attempt to pick up one of these fine Birds in a dusky Evening, what do they do ? They give him a slap on the Chops, bid him go about his Business, and tell him, They are no such Persons as he takes them for. There can be no greater Pleasure to a Man than to have a fine Virtuous Wife.

Thus my Beloved, 'tis not what your Wives spend at home in fine Cloaths, and Household-Staff, but what you your selves do lavish away abroad in fine Gaming, fine Whoring, and fine Revelling. *There goes the Hare away.* If you have but Virtuous Wives, keep close to them, and they'll keep close to you. And therefore, never complain of Matrimony ; for Wives are not imposed upon Men, but chosen : Chuse a Virtuous Wife, and she will never desire more than her Husband is willing to allow her.

IV. *Visiting*

IV. *Visiting Friends, and going into the Country ; with an Account of the Entertainment, and pleasant Divertisements and Discourses thereupon.*

WHY look ye, Gentlemen, it was never esteemed a Crime that I know of, for a Man to marry into a good Family, neither is their any one Statue in *Polton* against it. For Men and Women do not come out of the Earth like Pom-pions, but their Pedigrees must have a beginning somewhere. The meanest Beggar, as well as the greatest Lord, had once an Original Father and Mother, but the Records of Descent are frequently lost, and more frequently not regarded; and as often Bloody Wars and Invasions of Countrys extirpate whole Families; Lords are made Beggars, and Beggars are made Lords. He's a happy Man now, that can derive his Pedigree from *William the Conqueror*; though some Women whose Husbands are great Antiquaries, will go a great deal farther at a Christening, and in the heat of Contention when Priority comes to be disputed, will derive themselves from the Eldest Maid of Honour, to *Nimrod's Wife*. But let that alone; Most certainly it may so happen, that a Man may marry a Wife that has had a great many Relations that live in the Country, and a Woman may marry a Man that has as many: For if you ask a Citizen where he was born, there's not one in Forty but will cry, in *Gloucestershire, Devonshire, Kent, Norfolk, &c.* others in *Wales*, but very few make answer, within the Sound of *Bow-Bell*. And this is apparent from the several Country Feast that meet every Year: which, were they all joined together,

gether, would beat the Cockneys into an Auger-hole. Now whether the Man or Woman, or both, have these Relations in the Country, is not a Straw matter to the purpose; but this is certainly to be imagin'd that when a Man is marry'd he will not conceal it, either from his own, or his Wife's Friends; who presently send Back word, that they should be very glad to see both him and Wife, with her and her Husband in the Country. Now the Wife, out of Natural Affection, is willing to see her Friends, and the Man is no less Ambitious to shew his Wife; and thus, when both are agreed, the Pleasures of Marriage, is, in concerning both in the same Opinion. Perhaps there has been an Exchange between 'em of *Turkies, Geese, Cheese, and Bacon*, for *Sugar, Plumbs, and Spice*; perhaps one of the Kindred has had an Occasion to come to Town, and has had the convenience of a Lodging at his new Kinsman's House; for which he can do no less than invite the new marry'd Couple into the Country, a Dish of Veal and Bacon, and homely Apple-Pye. Why, Faith, Cousin, or Uncle, quo' the yongg Man, we may chance to top upon ye before y'are aware I should be at *Exeter Fair* this *Lammas-Tide*. Cods fish, quo' his Cousin; 'tis but little out of your Way, to Ride to *Dorchester*, and then you come within a Mile of our House.

Now, suppose the young Man should be as good as his Word, and resolve to give his Wife an Airing in the Country. Why should Marriage so inhumanly suffer for this? You may be sure he will not Travel his Wife in Winter, nor yet in *Easter-Term*, and that is the chief Season of the Year for Trading; therefore generally he chuses a
very

very long *Vocation*. And what if he does, when there is little to do in the Town: I say, what if he does take a Frisk into the Country for a Month, or three Weeks, for to visit his own or his Wife's Relations; especially having Servants whose Parents are bound for their Truth, to look after his Affairs in the mean Time. Though the genteeler way would be to send her down before, with some Friend of a Country Attorney, and a little before the *Assizes*, and for him to go after and fetch her Home again. And then, besides that, she shall see *Assizes*, and my Lords the Judges; he shall have the Happiness of a new Pleasures that he never enjoyed before; which is to write lovingly to her, and to receive endearing Answers from her again, with *Dear*, and *Chuck* at the Top, and *Thine till Death*, and *Thine Eternally* at the Bottom. This is only if he have no other Business in those Parts; but if he have Business at any remarkable Fair thereabouts, let him then, by any Means attend her himself, and amble her an easy *Carrier's Journey*, for fear of the Inconveniences of Weariness and Stomach Qualms: For indeed, if there be any Thing that effects Matrimony with Calumny in this Particular we are now upon, it is for a Man to be forced to alight to take down his Wife in the middle of the Heath, sick as a Horse, and ready to faint away in his Arms; or else to ride by the Coach, and hear her groan, and by and bye to see her throw up her undigested Breakfast into her opposite Neighbour's Lap, while the confounded Coachman *Yaps* it away as if he were driving for a Wager. These I must confess, are Accidents that sometimes eclipse the Pleasures of his Journey. But, as has Heaven would have it,

a sup or two of Doctor *Steven's* Water sets her right again, and she holds out so, untill they come to the next good Town, where they make a full Stop, take a fresh Bait, and so perfect the Cure. Then it is a new Pleasure for to see her again as crank as a young *Coslin*. The Women then they ask her how long she has been married? She tells them so long: Then they conclude she's a Breeding, and all is forgiven.

At length, after thee or four Day's Journey, she gets among her Friends, and then ther's kissing and hugging, and, Dear Cousin, y'are welcome and the four Bells in the Steeple are set a Jangling for Joy. And do you think it is not an extream Pleasure to her Husband to see his dear Wife so caress'd and made much of amongst her Relations. After a stay of three or four Days, away gallops the Husband thirty or forty Miles farther about his Business, and leaves his Wife and Palfrey together, to be carried from Place to Place, for to see and be seen; and still she has a Convoy of he-Cousins and she-Cousins to shew her the Country, and treat her at this and t'other good Town: They are never out of their Way; for still she finds new Kindred and Acquaintance, and all make much of the *Londoner*; and indeed, how can they chuse? She's so Pretty, so Bonney, so Blithe and Pleasant, that every Body is glad of her Company: Then they whisk her to *Bath*, to *Bristol*, to *Wells*, to *Taunton*; and then they gallope her over *Sedg-mor*, and shew her where the Duke of *Monmouth* lost his Battle: ———So that by that Time her Husband comes back again, she is able to Ride with e'er a Jockey in *Smithfield*. When her Husband is return'd, and both are Bed together, she tells

tells him how kind her Kindred have been to her; which is the greatest Pleasure in the World to him, next the Pleasure of her Person,

Now where is the Feloney all this while that these *Muggle-tonions* lay to the Charge of Matrimony? Oh! the great Charges the Man is at to buy her an ambling Nag, a swimming^d Pacer, forsooth; or else Coach-hire and Expences upon the Road, besides the Carriage of a great heavy Trunk, where all the Finery lies. S'life, would they have had her Husband and she ha' walk'd down a Foot, with each a Snapsack at their Backs, and lain among the Beggars in Barns by the way? Would they have had her gone Naked, or otherwise than like herself, as if she had gone a Begging, to be slighted and contemn'd by her Friends, and kick'd out of Doors? What would her Kindred have thought of such a shabby Couple? What would they have thought of her Husband? Surely they would have thought their Kinswoman well holpen up by her Match; and look'd upon her Parents to have been a strange sort of People to let out their Daughter to Hire, in a tawdry *Long-Lane* Dress to officiate in a *Drinking Boot* at *Bartholomew Fair*.

What if the Apprentices and the Maids do junquet a little together? What if the do purloin three or four Bottles of the Remainder of the Wedding-Wine, and Sack-Possest, now and then in an Evening? 'Tis paid for; and why should not the Servants be a little Merry at Home as well as the Master Abroad? I'll warrant you they were no such ill Servants, but that they all drank to their Masters and Mistress's Health; and then they could never grudge it 'em. What if they 'Pren-
tice

tice were a little Familiar with the Chamber-maid ? let his Parents look to that : they are bound for his good Behaviour. Must the Master be always obliged to stay at home, to watch least his 'Pren-tice should lie with his Maid ?

But you 'll say, He has no Trade nor Chapman i'th Country—What then ? I'd fain know where he could have liv'd cheaper for so long Time, than among his Friends, that every Day feast him at Free-cost, only giving now and then a Shilling, or two, to the Servants.

'Tis a Shame that Men should so disgrace and bespatter Matrimony, when they have no better Objections against it than these : And yet they bawl and clamour against it, as if Matrimony, that gives all Mankind their Being, were like those ill-natur'd Fowls that destroy their Chickens as soon as they are hatch'd. A Man cannot carry his Wife into the Country ; nor can a Wife desire to see her Friends, but here's an Out-cry against Matrimony. Tho' I dare be hold to say, There's none of those People that are so severe against Wedlock, but would take it very ill to be call'd *Sons of Whores*, which had not their Fathers and Mothers been Married they must have been. As they are born then they ought to speak well of Matrimony, and not quarrell with her for every Trifle of a Side Saddle or Pad-Nag that a Man bestows on his Wife.

Well—but now suppose the Man and his Wife come home again ; what does all the Charges amount to, perhaps some Twenty or Thirty Pounds—a Monstrous Sum to damn Matrimony for. The Horse and the Pad-Nag yeld there Money again, the Cloaths are little or nothing the worse

worse of wearing. It may be the Side-Saddle may be afterwards lent out to a Neighbour, and comes home at length without the Stirrup, or the Briddle, and they may have taken Leave of one another; but that is out a small Matter. But if when they came home again, they had found the House removed to the other side of the Water, or the Furniture Pawn'd or the Servants run away with all the Ware in the Shop, these had been Losses indeed that would have struck deep. But all is well and the Woman so satisfied, that perhaps she never dreams of such another journey as long as she lives: a kind Correspondence only now contents, and it is a pleasure to her that she knows the Places and the Persons to which and to whom she directs her Letters.

But you will say, this bringeth another Charge upon her Husband, to entertain them again when they come to the City about Business. Let 'em come and welcome. Certainly 'tis a bad Trade will not afford 'em a good Bed and a good *Sunday's* Dinner be sure. That I'd have if I were the Wife, tho' I pawn'd my best Petticoat for it. But what need that, the Man has a good Trade, lives plentifully, the Wife goes twice a Week to Market, and what signifies a Joint of Meat extraordinary upon an extraordinary Occasion? And if the Husband do carry his Friend to the Tavern and give him a Bottle or two of Wine what Matrimonial Crime can that be?

But these Murmurers against Matrimony never consider, That Men commit a greater Violation of Wedlock, which is indeed the chief Occasion of all those deadly Feuds that disturb the Pleasures of Marriage, when they take a far greater Liberty themselves

themselves to revel with their Misses and Concubines in private Country Corners, where they go for Man and Wife, while the poor Woman at home thinks he is gone to gather in his Debts, as he makes her believe. It has been observed, when at the other end of the Town a Strumpet has come into a Mercer's Shop and taken up a Gown and Petticoat of the best Silk in his Counter; and when she was gone, the Sly Thief to-himself of a whore-Master has Book'd it down to some invisible great Lady at Court. And thus it is, that the Pleasures of Matrimony must suffer for the Pleasures of a Doxy Copulation. No wonder then, 'tis all Fire and Toe in the Family, when the Wife finds it out. This is that which makes *Conjugium* to be *Conjugium*: This is that which untiles the House, and makes Hell upon Earth. And indeed the Woman has reason of her side, when she finds her Husband so Liberal to an Harlot, yet grudging his Wife a Frisk into the Country among her Friends, or a Fortnight's scouring at *Epsom* once in three or four Summers, in a long Vacation, when they have nothing else to do but to play at Draughts i'the back Shop, or read the *Turkish History* behind the Counter.

V. *Great Complaints for want of CHILDREN; the Wife complains to her Neighbours, and the ill Consequences of it; together with the several Instructions the good Women, her Neighbours, give her, in order to Procreation,*

BUT notwithstanding all this Junquetting, Feasting, and Rambling into the Country, the young

young Woman cannot be got with-Child, which is another very great Breach of the Peace of Wedlock, this redounds to the Man's Disgrace, which can be no Pleasure to Matrimony. Here again set the Hare's Foot to the Goose Giblets; let the Man but consider, That where there are no Children, there is the less Charge, but the Pleasures of the Bed are still the same. Certainly that Husband may live at great Ease, and with an extraordinary Contentment of Mind, that enjoys a pretty Woman every Night, without finding his Brains Disturb'd and Turmoil'd with the Yearly expences of Nurses and Midwives, and Christenings, and as the Children grow up with provisions of Portions. How many Men are forc'd to sell a good Part of their Estates to pay younger Childrens Portions? The sad Effects of their Wives Fertility; Nay some Women are so Unconscionable, as to bring two at a time, others three at a Birth. An unreasonable Thing that the poor Men should pay so dear for their Sport. More than this, there have been some Women that have Teem'd two at a Lying in within a Month after they have been Marry'd; should all Woman conceive at that Rate, the Men must have *Lucullus's* Estate to maintain 'em. But some Women must have a little seasoning of Pain to relish their Pleasures; and among the rest, this Woman longs for a Child, and a Child she will have, if it be to be had above-Ground; and the more to whet her Appetite, in her Rambling Visits among her Neighbours and Friends, she sees at one Place, a notable plump-Cheek'd Baby of a Boy, standing upright in his Nurs's Arms——Lord (quoth she) what a lusty Child is this!—How long have you been Married, Neighbour? About
thirteen

thirteen Months, (quoth t'other.) And how old is this Child? quo' the young Woman. About a Quarter old next *Tuesday* come-Seven-Night, (quoth the t'other.)——Cuds fish! (quoth the young Woman) you have bestow'd your Time well I have been Married above this half Year, and no Sign yet of any thing coming. The words are hardly out of her Mouth before another Neighbour steps in, and having heard part of the Complaint, what's the Matter with our Neighbour here? (quoth she.) Matter! quo' the other, Matter enough, by my Faith——She has been Married above this half Year, and nothing yet coming. Believe me, that's not well, (quoth the t'other Neighbour) and yet it may be, that the Man's in no Fault S'lfe, quo' the young Woman, the Man in no Fault! as if a Woman of my Age and Complexion, could be in the Fault——I know my own Complexion, and my own Abilities so well, that I'd give all the world leave to judge whether the Fault be mine, or no. Patience a little quoth the second Neighbour, I have known some Women have not been with-Child till after they have been two or three Years marry'd. Yes! And do you think I'll stay so long (quo' the young Woman, in a pelting Chafe) not by my Fackins.——At these words, in steps another Neighbour, one of the more experienc'd sort, and tells 'em she had been at such-a ones Groaning:——what! (quoth th' other,) is my Neighbour such-a-one brought to Bed? Of a delicate Boy (quo' th' other.) And how long has she been Marry'd? cries the young Woman. But t'other Day (quoth the other.) S'lfe! but t'other Day! And I have been Marry'd this half Year, and have nothing to shew for't.

This

This Debate holds a long time——but at length cries one a little wiser than the rest,—Mrs. *Such-a-one*, this is a Matter of great Importance, and therefore pray go Home, and take the exact Dimensions of your Husband's gauging Instrument, as to the length and compass; for till that be done, it will not be an easie Thing to make a right Judgment of the Business.

Come, come, (says another,) I know my Neighbour *Such-a-one* very well, and I am not apt to have and ill Opinion of him: I am sure he is a Man like enough: He's only new Marry'd, and a Man may Caress his Wife as well too much as too little, and therefore Neighbour give him a little Time to Replemish: Nourish him up well with Yolks of Eggs, Oysters, Cock-stones, Craw-Fish, Lobsters, Periwinkles, beef-marrow, Skirrets, and Sweet-wine.——Skirrets! quo' another, why 'tis the best Thing in the World——My Husband is a Seaman, and he brought me some Skirrets; and he told me the *Swedish* Women commonly gave them to their Husbands when their Fondness grew slack: and I found it to be true; for all the while we eat Skirrets together, he behav'd himself most valiantly; so that in good Truth now I have sent him again into *Sweden* for more Skirrets.

Mistress, you have interrump'd me, but 'tis no matter (cry'd the first Speaker) for I was going to tell ye, That the Kidneys of a little Crocodile dry'd and beaten to Powder; and the Quantity of half an Ounce drank in a Glass of *Alicant* will do strange Things. I need not tell you the Virtues of *Eringo's*, Neighbours, 'tis one of the best Flowers the Comfit-makers have in their Shops, and if
G they

they knew the Use of *Satyrian* Roots, they would Candy more than they do.

Ay, ay, and there be your *Cantharides*, too, cries another: Hold, Neighbour, you must have a Care of your *Cantharides*, they are a dangerous sort of Diet, and must be manag'd with great Skill. I'll tell you a Tale, Neighbours. There was a certain young Woman, that shall be Nameless, who finding that her Husband did not get her with Child, came to an Apothecary of her Acquaintance, and ask'd him if he had no Drug in his Shop that would cause her Husband to get her with-Child; for that all her Neighbours had Children but she. The Apothecary told her he had a Powder which if she did but give it her Husband in a little Broth, 'twould make him another *Hercules*, Ay marry wou'd it. The Woman desired the Apothecary to let her have a Dose, and having paid him for it, without disputing the Price, she carry'd it Home with a light Heart, and administring her Physick according to her Directions, found the Operations of it to her Content, without any Harm to the Husband.

But the Apocheary's Wife, who had in a private Corner behind the Shop listen'd all this while to the Discourse that passed between the Husband and the good Woman, and thought she stood in as much Need of the Receipt as her Companion. Ay, (quoth she to herself,) and y'fackins I'll be my Husband's Physician for once; and observing whence her Husband took out the Powder, within two or three Days after, her Husband desiring her to make him some good Pottage to warm his Stomach, under Pretence of fetching some Spice to put into the Broth, she took the Remainder of
powder'd

powder'd *Cantharides*, and put it into the Pot without any regard of Weight or Measure. When 'twas ready, her Husband as greedily supp'd up a large Mess: Nor was it long before he found the effects and heat of it, which he thought to qualifie by the assistancce of his wife! but alas, the Flames did so Encrease, that his very Entrails seem'd to be in a Conflagration. He swore to his Wife she had Poison'd him, and ask'd her what she had put in the Broth? who made him answer, She had put nothing that was Extraordinary, but a handful of that Powder which he had Sold the other Day to the woman that came to him about her Husband. Then the poor Apothecary understading the whole Matter and Cause of his Distemper, in his Extremity Curs'd her to the Devil, and sent for another of his own Trade to relieve him; which was not so easily done, but that it had like to have cost him his Life

Now, 'bating the *Cantharides*, do you think it is not a great Pleasure to a Man to find himself so kindly Nurs'd and Cherish'd by his Wife, Cock-broth'd, Oyster fed, and Night and Morning *Eringo's* and Tent, and every Day fresh Overtures of Conjugal Dalliance, and new Allurements, to Kiss, Embrace and Love one-another; These are Comforts, and a Man that has such a Wife, such a Nurse, and such a Bedfellow, so Buxom, Free and Wanton as this, is the Happiest of all marry'd Men.

But after all this, (thinks the young Woman to herself,) all this Cost is meerly thrown away if I have not my due Measure. For what's a Workman without his Tools? If I send my Maid to the Ale-house for a Quart of Beer, if she does not bring

bring me my Measure, I call the Fellow that drew it, Knave, and my Maid, Beggage : And I call the Milkwoman cheating Slut, if she does not fill my Pan, when I know how much is my due. This brings to her Remembrance the first Admonition giving her to take the exact Account of Lenth and compass which she fails not to do, and carry her to the next Meeting, within two or three Days after.

But then there happens a general Stuperfaction and astonishment among the neighbours and relations, when they find the two Pieces of Apion-strong snipp'd off, that of the Length to hold out full six, and the Circumference between Three or four Inches. Then they begin to shake their Heads, and hang their Lips, telling the young Woman (that now begins to be as dejected as themselves) S'life, Neighbours, 'here is nothing but Justice—your Husband is a Man every Inch of him—we must search for the Fault somewhere else—Nay it would be given against you in the Court of Arches. I know a Taylor (cries one of the Neighbours) that was laughed at as long as he liv'd for his Wife mistaking her Husband's — for her own Thumb, slipped on her Wedding Ring once, and pull'd it of again; but when she thought to have done so a second Time, it swelled, and put her Husband to that excessive Pain, that she was forced to send for a Chyrurgeon to have it fil'd off But you, Mistress, make no such Complaint, and therefore we must not easily give Sentence against due Proportion. I don't know how it is, not I, (cries the young Woman, ready to burst into tears for Anguish) but so it is, I knew a young Marry'd Couple (quoth another) that were just in your Case; and the Physian told me himself, he gave the Husband this Advice, which was to absent himself out of Town for Fifteen Days, and the

Sixteenth Day to get on Horseback, and so to order it, as after an easie Journey of Ten or Twelve Miles, to come home just in the Evening.

At the same Time, he also gave directions, that his Wife should provide him for Supper a Leg of Mutton boiled with a Salad of *Garden Rocket*, a Capou Roasted, and a Glass of good Red-wine. Moreover, that he should place himself at Supper right against his Wife, bare necked, and naked-breast.

Three Hours after Supper, he bid the Gentleman go to Bed, lie close to his Wife, and sleep out his first Sleep; after that, to enter into amorous Discourse with his Wife, as awake as himself; and when he had so heightened his Discourse, to fall to his work: And this Counsel was so Fortunate, that it not only had its Effect upon this Gentleman, but upon several others in the same Condition.

What greater Pleasure can a Man have, than to have the free leave of his Wife to take his Lope for Fifteen Day together: and then to come a Hand-Gallope home again, to give her all the Content and Satisfaction she can desire, to the great Joy of both Parties, and the next Morning to take a lusty Beverage of Yols of Eggs, Sugar, Saffron, Sinnamon, and strong Wine; by which you may find that the *French* Men and Woman in *Provence* know what's Good for themselves. This Course of Life will cause a Man's Wife to embrace him like an Angel, and to shew him a Thousand other Friendly Entertainments beyond Imagination? 'Twill be always in the Evening. *My Dear, come to Bed*; and in the Morning, *Love Lie a little Longer*: If these are not Pleasures, I know

know not what Pleasures they are, that these Despisers of MATRIMONY would have.

But if Justice gets the upper-hand, and that it comes to pass that the Man is Acquitted, can there be a greater Satisfaction to a Man, than to find that he has a whole Jury of Woman on his Side, and that he passes for *Rectus in Curia*, from one End of the Parish to the other: But what Proof of this?—Proof-sufficient; the woman have examin'd the Case, and they find her of a Temper either too cold or too hot; too profuse, or too scanty, Nature must be tamed or excited—to which purpose the young woman must take Physick; and that taking of Physick is like the Shool-Argument, *Either so, or so, but not so*; Therefore, Now I think 'tis a very great Pleasure of Matrimony, for a Man to have such a Plea, for himself: A Thousand times better for a Man to put it to the Test and Tryal of a due Course of Physick, than to the Examination of the Court of Arches, where a Man must be expos'd to the Tryal of forcing Nature before a Company of Persons of his own Sex; enough to daunt the Impudence, and quell the vigour of *Hercules* himself.—

The Cheesemonger and his wife took a far wiser Course; for they, by their Industry, having scraped a pretty Estate together; but not able to get a Child between them to inherit their Labours, after having been many Years married; at length they grew very Melancholy, to think they should die Issueless; at last the woman (for it had not began there, the Plot had been spoiled) began to consider where the Fault lay; but not being able to determine it her self, quoth she to her Husband, *William*, —well, Honey, quoth he: —we are bless'd with

with an Estate (quoth she) but we have neither Heir or Heiress to leave it to: — That's no Fault of mine (quoth the Husband:) — Nay Husband, (quoth she) that's the Point to be try'd: Try'd! quo' the Husband, — how shall we try it more than we have done? why look thee, Husband, I have a Conceit in my Head (quo' she) Ah, wife, (quo' he,) but a thousand Conceits in thy Head, will never make one Child: — Nay Husband, pray hear me, (quoth she) I have a Conceit in my Head, if thou and I can agree: — why, wife, (quoth he,) thou knowest I have in all Things been guided by thee: — why then Husband (quoth she,) thou knowest that we have been long Married in vain, and cannot get a Child, tho' all the ways and means have been us'd between us 'Tis true, wife (quo' the Husband:) — why then, (quoth the wife) for the Satisfaction of both, if thou will agree, I am content, with all my Heart; Do thou chuse out a Companion for thy Humour, and I'll find on another to mine; and whether I am got with Child, or thou gettest the Child, we'll resolve both to keep it as our own. The Husband was overjoy'd at his wife's Contrivance, and took his Maid, a good brisk wench; the wife was pleased at her Husband's Condescension, and made choice of her Journeyman — And now it was presently discover'd where they Fault lay; the Journeyman labour'd in vain, but the Maid was Unmaiden'd and brought to bed of a brave Boy: 'Sbobs! there was Joy in the Family; but the Neighbours were disgruntled, and the Church-Wardens would have the Master and the Maid *Coram Nobis*: — No (quo' the wife) there's no Occasion for this (quoth she)

she) to the Magistrate, all parties acted by consent, my Husband and I take the Child for our own, and are resolved too keep it as our own, and what has any Body to say to it?

It may be thought that many such Trials as these, would prevent a world of *Doctors-Commons* Law, and preserve Thousands of Families and peace and Tranquility, free from Heart-burnings, and continual Mutterings and Grumblings, between the good Man and the woman. Here the Husband had the Pleasure of his Maid, and the Mistress of her Man; the Child was the Master's own, and the Maid bestowed it upon the Mistress, the Mistress owns the Gift, and the Maid was ready for another Tryal. So far from being the Discomforts of Marriage, that it was the only Comfort the Husband and wife had, during the whole Time of their wedlock.

However, 'tis concluded, That the young woman shall try the experiment of Physick; the female Cabal will have it so, and so it must be: Immediately all the Quack-Bills are examined, and the *French* Doctor is sent for; and no sooner is he sent to; but he comes flying with is *Scrapes* and his *Cringes*, his *Madam's* and *Begar's* his *Me doe dis*, and *Me do dat*; *Me cause your Husband to make a de Shild upon your Body in less dan turty Day*——which cannot but chuse be a great Recreation to the Husband, especially if he be Melancholy: But the chiefest Pleasure is, That the Man must still try the Operation of the Physick; which tho' it tye him a little to hard to duty, it must needs augment the Pleasure of Matrimony extreemly. If her Dyet be Toothsome and Dainty, as if the *French* Doctor be no Fool, he seldom, prescribes other, the Husband had

had his Share, and that is still another Pleasure: Nay it may so happen, That the *French Doctor* may kill her with his potions and lotions, and then he has the Accomplishment of all the Pleasures of Matrimony, which is, to bury her, and marry another.

If the choice of a grave dissembling Hypocrite of a Midwife, better please the young Woman, the Husband shall then have Pleasures of another sort; then shall the old Matron Tipple and talk bawdy with him, till her chin drap in her bosom; the comfort is, her physick is all heartning: she quenches no Flames, especially those of LOVE; she abominates the use of Rue, Hemlock, and the four cold Seeds: all this while the young Man takes care that his young Wife wants nothing to welcome her Chamber-visitants; and he tells her himself to boot, that it is the chiefest delight he has in the world to please her. Lastly, if all this cost does not agree with the constitution of her Husband's cash, 'tis but retiring into *White-Fryars*, and laughing at his Creditors, and there is another comfort of Matrimony.

VI. *The young Woman proves with Child; with an account of the Lying-in, and how the Young Springal is overjoy'd at his Wife's making him a Father.*

BUT there are some People who are never contented full nor fasting: If a young Woman long for a Child, and to be a Woman like the
the

the rest of her neighbors, this must be taken as a torment of Matrimony. If a Woman be Pregnant, and bear Children, Matrimony must be curs'd and rail'd at for that. What shall we do to please these impertinents?

They pretend that in this case there are many contrivances, many stratagems—many collusions and evil counsels of Gossips, that makes the poor man's night-cap sit uneasie: though let me tell you, if Matrimony in this particular have any thing unpleasant and uncomfortable in it, 'tis the Woman feels it that bears the Child, and not the Man that gets it.

Would they have her do as the Maid (if I may so call her) did, that sent her new Married Husband a Dog-trot for the Midwife upon her Wedding Night? 'Tis true, the Woman sav'd her Husband a whole years expence: and what said one of the Gossips to him, when she was brought to Bed? Courage, Neighbour; you may be sure this is ripe Fruit, for you see it falls without shaking the Tree. The poor fellow knew not what to think of it, but went away shaking his head, and complained to one of his Neighbours; and what said he? Why, faith, more cold comfort still; Oh, neighbour! (quoth he) you ought to be very careful of this child, for I foresee, he will one day become a great Captain, that was able to force the Barricado's so soon, before you make your approaches to the Place. This, as I said before, was a saving Wife indeed, but her Husband had better have borne the whole years expence, than have suffered this single night's reproach.

But here's a Woman that goes out her lawful Time, undergoes all the toils and hardships of
Child-

Child-bearing and Delivery, and all the Maledictions of Primitive Disobedience; and because she only seeks for some alleviation of her pains and nipping torments, must be deemed to render Matrimony a nuisance to mankind. Had Men been to have endured what Women suffer, 'tis to be questioned, whether they would have endured what Women brook with so much patience.—What a yelling did *Jupiter* keep, when he carried *Minerva* in his Jobberno! And had he not been a god, do you think it had been possible for him to have carried such a load of a stammel Jade, as *Pallas* armed *Cap-a-pee* in Steel, so long in his Head; so that he was forced to have his Head cleft with a Butchers Cleaver, to deliver himself of his Burthen and the Head-ach together: But 'twas the first and the last time, he thank't ye, that ever you should find him take the same trouble upon him again.

You never heard but of one Man, and he, they say, was an Italian Painter, who was made believe by a Company of *Crackropes* of his Familiar Acquaintance, that he was with Child; this poor Man was so apprehensive of the torments and pangs of his future delivery, that though he had but one single Hundred Pound in the world, he gave it all to a Physician for a distilled water of fat Capons, dissolved *Borax*, and some other ingredients, to ease him of his Burthen: by which means, though not without some trouble, he was Brought-to-Bed before his Time of a living Cushion. And I must tell ye, that the Fellow that had his Brother growing out of his Side, found it an unmerciful Trouble, to lug him
him

about from Fair to Fair, as he was forced to do.

For you must know, That if Midwives and Women with Child speak truth, and I am sure there's no body can contradict them, the rowling and tumbling of the little *Embryo*, twinges them every moment, the Qualms of Breeding run through every Vein of a Woman's Body, more particularly affecting the Stomach, and occasioning that squeamish niceness of appetite, that requires a more delicate and agreeable nourishment and refreshment, as well for the Infant, as for the Breeding Woman: Besides, Nature being busily employed in the framing of a new Creature, produces strange operations in the fancy and imagination of the Woman, which if not satisfied with the enjoyment of those Objects which the Fancy has fixed upon, is the occasion many times of great detriment to the Mother, by frequent miscarriage, and disfigurement to the Child.— And then it is, that the time is come for a Woman to try the affection of her Husband, who would be thought the most unkind person in the world, to venture the life of his dearest Consort, and the loss of all his nocturnal labour, for the want of two or three plump Patridges, or the corner of a Venison Pasty, especially when he can but ask and have: For all Men and Women where-ever he comes are ready to gratify the longings of a Big-belly'd Wife; every body asks her what she would have, every Body ask her where she likes, and bids her please herself.

Of two very large Pomegranates that were provided for an entertainment of the King at *Guild-Hall*, a Big-belly'd Gentlewoman long'd
for

for one, and they were forc'd to give it her, or else she would have swooned away: And therefore 'tis nonsense to blame a woman for gadding abroad, and prowling among her neighbours at such a time as this; and 'tis the cheapest way for the Husband to carry her up and down from place to place where e'er he can smell a good bit. It would be an unseasonable mercy shewn to his pamper'd Gelding; nay, though it were to the soles of his feet, to grudge the trudging, though it were ten miles on foot to obtain the slight satisfaction of a Bit extraordinary, which he may have for fetching, if the Steward of the Feast be not meer *Nabals*, to gratifie a tender Wife, suffering for the sake of his own pleasure: Or if it please her better to have it of his own purchasing, how the Devil can he lay out his money with more delight? For certainly if there be any content in the delicacy of Viands, the happiness must be strangely enhaunced, when a Man partakes it with his Wife in such a condition: He is both her Husband and her Physician; he has broken her head, and now he gives her a plaister: He was the occasion of her pain, and now he gives her ease: For a Man can have no greater joy in Matrimony than to give that Physick to his grunting Wife, his best companion, and his dearest friend, of which he partakes himself with so much pleasure. If she will eat Chalk let her have it, for besides that it is impossible to stem the Tide of Women's Longing; that which the Mother longs for, never hurts the Infant: And we find that in *Essex* they feed their young Calves with Milk and Chalk, to make their Flesh look white, which may be the reason for ought a Man knows, that

his wife longs for Chalk to make the little Calf in her Belly look white-skinned when it comes into the world.

'Tis but a requisite piece of gratitude to indulge the palate of a Teeming woman, and to alleviate the bitter Throes and Pangs of Conception and Maturation, with the slender, nay, though it were with the more costly gratification of a few Kickshaws, well knowing how great the return of the Fruit will be at the End of her Time: If nothing less will serve her than a wash-bowl of Claret; if she has a mind to confound a whole Sieve of *Kentish* Cherries, or to deprive a Roasting Pig of both his Ears, and to gnaw them off upon her knees from the spit: If she have a mind to swill up a Rundlet of *Brunswick* Mum at a sitting, 'tis better to let her have her desire, than suffer the fatal consequences of a denial: For there is no man in the world would be glad to see his Daughter stick upon his hands, every way else handsome, tall, and well proportioned, only as ill luck would have it, because she has got a Hair Lip; for that woman can never give her Husband a full Kiss when she wants a piece of the Kissing part; Or, who would be willing to see a Red spot overspread his Son's Cheek, as if Nature had wrapt up all that side of his face in natural scarlet, for a continual pain in his Gums? and all this for want of disbursing the price of a Quart of early Mulberries; or of a pitiful Forty-Shillings-worth of Green Peas in *April*: Men never consider the Crowns and Angels they throw away at the *Swan* in *Old Fish-Street*, in Oysters and Cods-heads; their Collations at the *Rummer* with Salmon and Old-Hock;

their

their Hashes and Pottages at the *Bear* in *Birchin-Lane*, while they grudge the poor Teeming women, under the affliction of their Nocturnal Satisfaction, the bare Solace of a single Coney, and a Penny Manchet.

Men must acknowledge, that women have done them a most extraordinary kindness to ease them of that ponderous weight of infant carriage; and therefore since they have all the trouble, 'tis fit they should have some retaliation and alleviation of their pain.

They say those Apples eat the sweetest where the Birds have been picking before-hand, and it may be, that was the reason that the Lady long'd for a piece of Raw Horse-Flesh, seeing a great number of Crows so heartily at Breakfast upon the Carrion; however she resolved to share with them, and sent her Coachman to cut her off a fine, delicate fat Piece, as if he were to have carved for himself. You may be sure the Fellow pick'd the choicest Bit he could find, and the Lady eat it up without Bread or Salt, with such an appetite, that she rather seem'd to devour than eat it. This was a *Tartarian* sort of diet, yet had the Lady been denied it, she might perhaps have been delivered of some strange Horse-fac'd creature or other, to the great scandal of her ancient family.

As extravagant was that great Big-belly'd Haberdasher's Wife, that nothing would serve her but to ride on Cock-Horse, as I may say, at one time upon the Elephant, and another time to bestride *Tom Dove* at the *Bear-Garden*: Yet had her humour been contradicted, she might

either have brought forth a Boy with a *Proboscis* ; or a Daughter with a Bear's snout.

But when a woman longs for nothing but what is laudable, edible, potable, comfortable, good for the head, good for the back, good for the belly, good for the reins, good for every thing, as *China Oranges*, *Sevil Lemons*, *Asparagus*, *Cherries*, *Strawberries*, with their appurtenances, *Peaches*, *Apricocks*, *nectarines*, *muskmelons*, *winter Boon-chrestiens*, *Pearmains* and *Pippins* of all sorts, *Wallnuts*, *Grapes*, &c. for *Drinks*, *Rhenish-Wine*, *Old-Hock*, *Vin de Paris*, *Frontinac*, *Porto-Port*, *Canary*, *Red or White Florence*, *Cyder*, *Perry*, *Ale* and *Sugar*, *Mum* ; 'twere the most unnatural Thing in the world to deny her any of these Things, *Trifles!*——*Trifles!*——for a Man to deny his Wife in her Condition: 'Tis to be question'd whether an Indictment do not lie in the Case ; whether it be not a piece of Self-Murder to let bone of his bone, and the Flesh of his Flesh and Bones to Perish all together, Wife and Fruit of her Womb, for want of a Pippin or two ; the Devil's it't if she long for them all together——that's impossible——and for a single Treat, there's not any one of all these Rarities to be valued with the Pleasure a Man takes to please his Wife.

If she long for a Mouthful of green Ginger, or a Pound of Mackroons, or a few preserv'd Wall Nuts in the middle of the Night, what a piece of Business is it for her Husband to go and knock up the Comfit-Maker ? he may do it with as good authority, as if he had a warrant for it with a seal in the Margent. Who knows what reason the woman has for her longing, and what
a lucky

a lucky Hit the Husband may meet with for his loving Sedulity? a Soldier once upon a time, I mean one of those who used to hire themselves out upon the Train'd-Bands, asked leave of his Captain then upon the Guard, to let him go home in a Cold Frosty Night and lie with his Wife; the Captain was civil, away goes the Soldier, unlocks the door of his mean Habitation, and up he mounts in the dark to his Wife's Chamber, and it was come so near to the Point, that the Soldier had flung his Breeches upon the Bed, almost ready to step in, but his Wife was taken with such a sudden Qualm, that unless he fetch'd her a Cordial immediately, she was a dead woman; and so well she counterfeited her pangs, that the Soldier believing his Wife to be at Death's door, snatch'd up his Breeches again, as he thought, put them on, away he flew to the next Apothecary; What would he have? why a Cordial—what Cordial? Any Cordial so far as Ten-pence would go to save his wife's life, for he had but a Shilling, and he was willing to reserve Twopence for his Morning's Draught.— Thereupon the Apothecary gave him a small Cordial. But when he went to pay for it, instead of a Shilling he found a whole Nest of Half-Crowns ready fledg'd; in another Pocket he met with a Brood of Guinea's newly hatch'd; and feeling a little farther, he found a Gold Watch, and then the Soldier knew what a Clock it was. In the mean time his wife's Companion had made his escape with single Shilling'd Trouzers, and the Soldier return'd with the Cordial; but then to his great consolation he found his wife recovered, and so kind, that she bid him make use of the
Cordial

Cordial himself, for she had no need of it. And thus you see how Fortune favours Husbands that are so kind to their wives as to fetch them at Midnight what they long for ; and therefore let no man grudge when his wife is in a longing Fit, let it be ever so late and dark, to go and fetch his wife a Cordial, or any other sweet Jimcrack she calls for.

Now let any Man object, that many times, 'tis no real longing of the woman, but her liquorish appetite that makes her so fine mouthed, and so craving after this and t'other Dainty ; but who shall be judge of that ? the woman is with Child, the woman is sick, and what she suffers there's no body can tell but herself. However the endurance of Pain and Torment that is like to bring the advantage of Issue, ought to be recompenced to the full. And therefore it is not the kindness of a loving Husband in procuring his wife the satisfaction of her longing, and the alleviations of her misery that can disquiet him, but the paying through the Nose for a Bastard, and the subjection he lives in, to the concealers of his ignominy, that causes a fermentation in his thoughts, and makes his life uneasy to him.

VII. Provision for Lying-in, and the Appurtenances belonging to it ; with other Remarks fit to be known by a young Man that intends to alter his Condition.

CERTAINLY if some Men might have their will, I mean these *Despisers of Matrimony,*
 women

women were in the worst condition of all creatures; for Nature has taught the birds of the air, against they are ready to lie-in, to frame their bed-chambers with that art and curiosity, to make their beds, and draw their curtains about them with so much neatness and artifice, that their nurseries seem to be so many petty Palaces; and the winds themselves are forced to rock the cradles of their young ones: but woman must neither be got with child, nor taken care of while they are breeding, nor provided for against their delivery. 'Tis true, indeed; when we see the poor woman reduced to that miserable shift as to be delivered in a Cage, we are to believe that the woman misses somewhat of Matrimony's Pleasure; but then again, we take her for some forlorn creature, abandoned by all Mankind, and forsaken even by Charity itself.

But we find all Creatures as Nature instructs them, making some provision or other against their delivery; the Male doing his, and the Female her duty in all respects; only women must shift for themselves; for after the Men have once got them with Child, they have nothing to do but to drink and guggle, whore and roar; or if they will be such fools to compassionate the sufferings of their wives, this must be looked upon as the disturbance and inconvenience of Matrimony.

But these upholders of paradoxes consider not, that in the same chamber where the wife lies-in, the effects of the Husband's Manhood comes to light; and would you have the Parents want a great candle or two, to see what God has sent them? Man is born naked, all other creatures come into the world with their cloaths on; and these

these cloathes grow as they grow, without the help of Taylors and Coat-sellers. Do you think it is not greatly for the reputation of the Man, that his wife has been with Child, and that she is delivered at length of a lusty Boy? Suppose it be a Girl, that Girl may bring Boys in time; for so the world goes round. The name of *Da, Da*, is now as pretty a pleasing name as Mr. *Bridegroom* was before. Why, we have heard of many Fathers of Children, that have been Fathers of Nations, and the first wife has had always equal respect with the first Husband. Believe me, in some cases the word *Mother*, goes a great deal further than the word *Father*, in point of Veneration: For without *Mother*, the *Father* might have shaken his heels to little purpose. The Man has nothing to do but get the Child, and then his work's done. 'Tis true, if the Man were to breed and bear the Child, as *Daniel Baubis* the Frenchman did, then the provision were to be made for him; but in regard it is the general custom, which never can be altered, the provision must be made for them that bear the Brunt of the Day. 'Tis the greatest piece of injustice in the world for the Men to think to have all the Caudles and Ponada's to themselves, and the women do all the work. No, the women need it, they lose blood and spirits; the Men lose nothing but what they are most willing to part with. Now, as the women win the greatest honour, so ought they to have the more worship; which worship consists in the provision made for her lying-in, as making a distinction between her and ordinary women.—'Tis true, there are some men, that when from a poor and low degree, they come to be advanced
to

to vast preferment, love to boast of the meanness of the Place where they were born. As *Sixtus* the Fifth, when he came to be Pope, was wont to brag how he came of an illustrious House, because his Parents were so poor, that the walls of the chamber where his Mother lay in, were so battered and torn, that the Sun came in on every side at a thousadd holes ; but you may be sure the woman would have had a better accommodation, if she could.

Women have always an ambition for to equal one another ; and when a woman begins to find herself with Child, she shall have Tut'resses enough to tell her what she wants. Woman also have a natural inclination to neatness and gaiety ; which custom has so encreased, that now you shall hardly meet a woman in the Street, without a laced Petticoat : And men must accommodate themselves to the humour and fashion of the times. Besides, there's the Grandmother, a wife and understanding woman, and she best knows what's fitting for her daughter. All things put together there is such a connection of occasions and reasons, backed with such Female arguments on all sides, that there is all the reason that the woman should desire what she would have, and have what she desires.

Moreover, it may so happen that the woman wears the Breeches ; and 'tis not to be imagined but that if she wears the Breeches, she wears the Pockets too ; and then if she says she will have it, who shall hinder her : However, fair and softly is better than Randan ; Son, (quo' the Grandmother, that is to be) you see that your wife, my Daughter, is with Child, you also know what a
Portion

Portion you had with her, you know she has a great many good Relations and Friends, that will come to Visit her, and I should be sorry that any Daughter of mine should Lie-in like a Porter's wife. ——— Mother cries the young Man ——— hold Son, quoth the Grandmother, ——— not that I suspect any such thing of my Daughter. ——— But Son, you are looked upon to have a good Estate with my Daughter, and I am sure you had a better one than Mr. ———, had with his wife: She Lay-in t'other Day, and I'll assure ye, Son, she had all things very decent about her: It will procure you much Respect if you order it so, that my Daughter be nothing behind her, but rather above her; for there will be notable Notice taken; As therefore you have acted like a Husband, you are now to act like a Father. Who now could resist such convincing Arguments as these? For when a Matron of a wife's Mother speaks to the Husband of the Daughter, 'tis as if the Sybil were talking to *Aeneas* about his Journey to Hell; or the wise women of *Delphos* were giving Counsel to *Solon* about the Law of *Athens*; all Graviy, and all Un-answerable.

To this the Son makes Answer, Mother, you know I understand nothing of all these things, and therefore I leave all things to your management. ——— But Mother, pray be as sparing as you can. ——— Sparing! answers the Mother; why, did you ever know me otherwise, I don't speak, Mother for that, replies the Son ——— but ——— But! why Son? I thought you had a better Opinion of me? ——— I'll assure you, Son, I have saved you above Forty Pounds, by giving her two such suits of Child-Bed Linnen already, that the best
Alderman's

Alderman's Wife in the Parish need not be ashamed of ——— But ! ——— Kether ——— I think I have done a Mother's part——— I don't question it, Mother ——— replies the young Man ——— Pray Mother do what you think fit.

Thus you may as well Butt against the City-Wall, as Butt against a Wife's Mother; for the Mother always sides with the Daughter. However, hitherto the Shooe comes on without a Coney-skin; all's easy and gentle. Here's no Plague of Matrimony, yet to be discovered.— Well ——— proceed ———

Suppose the young Man and his big-bell'd wife now a bed together——— Laud, my Dear (quoth she) had I known Marriage had been so chargeable, believe thou could'st never? have won me. what charges my dear cries the young Man—Laud———my Mother tells me of so many Things I shall want, that she makes me e'en mad—what Things? cries her Husband——My Mother—Laud———my Mother makes me almost wild, she tells me I must have a new Bed—Oh, now I think on't cries her Husband, I know where there is a fine Damask Bed to be sold at Second hand, I believe it will come for a small matter, I dare say, for less than half what it cost.——Foh, cries the young woman, I have heard say, the Ladies at the other end of the Town use a great deal of Paint, and a great many washes, and these Paints and washes leave such a Perfume behind in the Beds——Foh——I'll have no Second-hand-Beds——Puh! is that all? cries the Husband, then we'll have a new one, my Dear New Demask Beds grow in every Upholster's Shop in *Cornhill*——in the mean time, let's go to sleep, and
talk

talk of those Things To-morrow, where's the disturbance of Marriage in all this? Here's nothing but Language from the wife as calm and as smooth as Cream in a Milk-bowl, and the Man condescending in all things.

Next Morning comes the Mother again; Truly, Son, quoth she, I have been studying all this Night to save Charges.—I have been thinking and considering every way, I but can find no way to save the Expences of a new Bed——'Tis the first time, and 'twill be for your credit to have all things new But whether a Damask, or fine Cloth Bed, that's the thing that Troubles me—but let the Bed be what it will, we must have all *Calicut* for the first Fortnight, both within and without——the *Calicut* therefore must be bought in the first place, How much *Calicut* dy'e think will serve? quoth the Son——why truly, Son, quoth the Mother, I believe about a Mile's Length worth will serve; Very good, Mother, cries the Husband——Then there must be Chairs and Cushions correspondent I knew a parson that would not pray with a Sick Body that was just recommending her Soul to Heaven, because the poor woman had never a Cushion for him to kneel upon, much less will our Parson that rustler in Silk, Christen your Child without an extraordinary Cushion. Then there must be (for these are things that cannot be avoided) a Crimson Satin mantle with a Gold and Silver Lace, as broad——hark ye Son——as broad as your——you know what. For that's the Rule we go by,——so that when the Gossips see the breath of the Lace upon the mantle, they readily guess at the lenth of the man's you know what Son: So that 'tis for your Credit, Son, to have a
broad

braod Lace upon your Child's mantle: I must confess I had a fine one of my own, and my Daughter should have had it with all my heart—but lent it out to a Lady, and she had the grace never to let me have it again. And then what think ye, Son, of a Court-Cupbord cover'd with Silver-Tankards and Caudle-Cup; by my troth, and if the warming Pan were of the same mettle, 'twere so much the better, and I'll give Forty Shillings towards it my self. There should be also for the Christning-Day a large pair of *Holland* Sheets with deep *Flanders*, or fine *Honiton* Lace, and I think the last will be well enough—for I would not put ye, Son, to any more Charge than needs must, besides, Son, these are charges but once in your life; when they are done with, they are laid up in Lavender till the next time, unless you think fit to make any alteration. I confess there must be a new-Gown against the first time your wife goes abroad—that's all the Reason in the world, for she is a new woman, and a new woman ought to have a new Gown. One thing, Son, I had almost forget, which is to give you some hint concerning your Belly provision—there must be fine Sugar enough for you wife's use, and the Nurse to Steal, for Nurses will be thieves for their Bellies, do what you can; besides Sack and old Malaga for your Wife's and Nurse's mornings Draughts. Then for your General Entertainments they must be correspondent to the splendour of your wife's Chamber. But be sure there be no want of Neats-Tongues and *Westphalia* Hams; let there be piles of Oranges and Lemons, and mountains of *Woodstreet* plumb-Cakes; let the *Spanish* and *Frenck* Juices run till the men tumble down Stairs, and the women grow merry, and then your Reputation will be

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spread

spread from one end of the ward to the other. 'Tis true, I heard of a Vintner, that bestowed Forty pounds upon the Sprinkling of his Child, as the Quaker calls it, and then the Broke; and his wife and children were returned back to the wife's Friends, like so many *Brimingham* Groats: But, Son, that's no precedent for you; do you take my Advice, and my Blessing, and we shall never want these little Toys that we speak of.

By my troth a most moderate Bill——and all this while money's worth for money laid out. why, certainly, no man that was not a mere miser, ever took it ill, to see his House well furnished. Nor did any man ever think it an Inconvenience of marriage, to retaliate the Kindness of his wife's Visitants with Gossips usual and customary Diet. He that will have Godfathers and Godmothers to his mind, that will be Liberal to the midwife, and Nurse, and give the Child a piece of Plate at the month's end, must bribe high, Necklaces of pearl, Gold watches and broad Lac'd petticoats, will not come to ordinary Gossipings. And therefore they that make those Expences the Discomforts of matrimony, are a sort of morose Libertines, that desire an end of the world, for want of lawful procreation. For they are such necessary and incumbent Expences to the Act of Generation, that you may as well separate the Sea from the Mouth of a River, as part expence from the Chamber of Delivery. Besides that, Man is the Lord of the World, and of all the Creatures; and therefore it is fit that as much of the creature as may be, should attend him at his first entry. Besides, this is the only time that a Woman has a little pleasure in her life. For ten months languishing in misery
and

and torture, one month of a little transitory delight; a great piece of business, indeed. Now, she enjoys for a short time, Heaven knows the fruits of her tedious sufferings; now she has her friends about her, now she has her fine things and her attendance about her, like a little Princess; but no sooner up again, but she must to her old trade of grunting and groaning. Where's the Justice of Men to deny a poor Woman one month's consolation in twelve? The man must be mad that takes the mirth and jollity of his neighbours and friends caressing his Wife, and the pains of delivery, for the discomforts of Matrimony; for were it nothing else, the very Child she has brought forth is worth ten times the value of the expence. For who knows but that she has made him the father of a prince, or some victorious general, for which posterity will honour him? Nay, who knows but she has brought forth a martyr? and then she has not only replenish'd the Earth, but added to the number of the Saints. And now let the World judge, whether to be the father of a great captain, or a glorious martyr, be not worth a silk fringe, and a basket or two of *Seville* oranges.

However, let the worst come to the worst, here's a Man Child born, and it has been the custom of all nations to rejoice for the birth of a Man-Child. Suppose a Man had a Comfit-maker for his tenant, how should he pay his rent, but by the advantage of Christnings? Then for Gossips to meet, nay, to meet at a Christning or Lying-in, and not talk, you may as well damn up the Arches of *London-bridge*, as stop their mouths at such a time. 'Tis a time when Women, like Parliament Men, have a privilege to talk petty-treason against their Husbands,

bands, and he's an ignoramus of a Husband, that will not pass an act of oblivion, for the trespasses of a Christning Banquet

Oh ! But Midwives and Nurses ! What of them ? why they are not to be reckon'd among the intolerable grievances of Matrimony. Their reason ? why, because the Wife is nice in her choice, and refuses one for being too young, another too old, a third too clumsy-fisted, a fourth too talkative, and a fifth tipples too much : And can you blame a Woman for being weary and deliberative, in a matter of such importance, as the concern of her life. Rather the Husband ought to be pleased with the discretion of his Wife, that labours to keep such nuisances from approaching his family, seeking only the necessary assistance of gravity and steadiness. And what if she be as coy in the choice of her nurse, as knowing the generality of those sort of cattle, to be either sluts or lazy jades ; liquorish carrions, thieves, or careless tiplers of strong drink ; certainly it shews the wisdom of the Woman, which it cannot but be a great pleasure to her Husband. And thus you see that all the preparations to the Lying-in, instead of being grievances, become the greatest furniture, delicate food, rich wine, good company, and a Wife contented, which consummates all the rest.

VIII. *The Woman falls in Labour ; is happily Delivered : with a Mess of the Gossips Discourse thereupon.*

WELL ! what's the matter now ? Why 'tis about one of the clock in the morning, and

and dark as pitch ; and the man sleeps as fast as if he had swallowed *Opium* ; but we must wake him out of his sweet slumbers with a vengeance. For the Woman begins to feel the pangs of *Travail* come upon her, and therefore there's no lying any longer for him. No, be-dads he must up and be stirring ; here's another sort of night-work now, not so pleasing as his first enjoyments. And now the Trade begins, up stairs, down stairs, hurry this way, hurry that way ; fetch my mother, *Will* : And run to the midwife, *Tom*. Away flies the Husband himself into the street, and falls a knocking at the neighbours doors, as if the next Street were on Fire. Well — and what of all this ? This were to divest a man of all charity and humanity ; when a woman is surprised with the pangs and tortures of travail, for a Husband to grudge his rising once a year in the night, and going with a watchman before him a mile or two to fetch a midwife. This were to despoil a man of all good nature ; to persuade a man to deny his wife the assistance of her neighbours and friends in the most grievous necessities of all her life. Sure these people would have women only stamp and yean like Ewes. A hard case ! that women shall be deprived of the consolation of society, in their highest distresses ! women that were ever such lovers of company, that if possible, they never go to the necessary house, but in pairs. 'Tis the main distinction between an honest woman and a baggage, that the one is never ashamed to be delivered in a full assembly of her own sex ; the other always sneaks into holes and corners, to be delivered alone by herself. And therefore one would think a man should be far from

from believing it a trouble to have his wife well attended at her labour, that he should rather count it a pleasure to trot about far and near, at such a time, for her service. One would think it should be a great pleasure to a man to see his wife respected and beloved by her neighbours, all gathered about her in their night-rails, and obedient to the directions of the midwife, and happy is she that can be employed to warm a Clout for the service of the woman in labour. You would swear you saw that great maxim of morality, *Do as you would be done by*, there truly put in Execution.

By and by the woman is delivered and safely put to bed; and then away runs the nurse to carry the joyful tidings to the father, of what God has sent him. Tell him of the taking of the *Bridge of Esseck*, what cares he? The nurse's news is ten times more grateful to him than the taking of a hundred *Bridges of Esseck*. And then he testifies, by his liberality, rewarding the nurse for her pleasing intelligence: For he's a man of generosity, and does not do as that *Hunks* did, who when the midwife brought him the news of a Son born, slid an *Edward's* Sixpence into her hand; for which she drop'd him a courtesie, thinking it had been half a *Jacobus*, but when she came to see what it was, she gave him such a report, that he had better have hang'd himself, but that his wretchedness made him impudent and laughter-proof.

And then to go into the Chamber, and hear the charm of Gossips talking over the New-born Baby, and crying *Father's own Child; Father's own likeness*, at the same Time attesting the Honesty of his Wife,

Wife, and his own Abilities; and then giving him Joy of his lovely Son; a Man would contain the Morning Salutes of a Bevy of Nightingales on a *May-Day* Morning, for the Musick of such welcomes of this Child into the World. All the Harmony of the Waits and Fiddles that wak'd him on the morning of his Bridal Night, could be nothing to it. And thus you see him trebly rewarded in a Moment, for all his four or five hours trotting in the Dark before. And therefore they that make it such Annoyance of Marriage for a Man to be a wak'd out of his sleep at Midnight to fetch the Midwife, are clear beside the Cushion; a sort of unmerciful, uncompassionate, pitiless Wretches. And I dare say, there's not one of these inhumane Barbarians that are so chary of their Sleep but would Run Ten Mile a Foot in the dark to Steal a Fat Buck, or to Rob a Fish-Pond.

IX. *The Woman is Laid, and what follows after that, as to their Entertainment, &c.*

BUT now 'tis time for the young Man to shew his Breeding, and to be Civil to his Gossips. Out comes a fair Cheese and Plumb-Cake, held, Belly, hold; and to wash it down a round Bowl of *East-India* Punch. Fall on, Neighbours, cries the happy Father, here's to you all, and I thank you for your kindness to my Wife. And this is counted another Disturbance of Wedlock. Surely we live in a strange Age, my Masters, when common Civility must be thought a Nuisance of Marriage! As if a Man could do less than give a
Civil

Civil Treatment to a Company of Civil Neighbours and Friends, that left their warm Beds, and their Husband at midnight, some of them perhaps before they were half Downdiddled, in pure kindness to his Wife.

Now suppose the Women do talk a little Merri-ly over their Cups to their new Father; they knew he has known Woman, and understands of *Aristotle's* Problems. Surely it cannot but be a great Pleasure to hear himself applauded and commended, though it be a little smuttily, for the vigour of his parts, and that he has won himself notable divulgers of his reputation. I have heard say, (says the Midwife) there have been Laws made in some Countries, that if a Woman found her Husband impotent, she might make Choice of the most likely of her next a Kin. But Heaven's be Prais'd, there's no need of those Laws in this Family, here Son, hear's to the next —— and then she drink off a clever *Supernaculum*. Ha, Mother (quoth the new Father) you do well to encourage a young Gamester.——I confess (replies the Midwife) I like a Man that performs his Work within a Year——such a Man is like to be a good Customer to your Trade. Ay, but Mother (quoth the new Father) where's your kindness to us all this while? —— As how Son?——You tell us (reply'd the new Father) of Laws made in kindness to the Women——I wish there were a Law too, made for the Men, that the Midwife, or the Nurse, might supply the Wife's Place during Gander Month —— Laud——Sir, cries one of the Company, that will be the way to have none but young Midwives, and young Nurses, unexperienced People, and what should we poor Women do then?

Why

Why then Madam ; what think you of a Law to be made, that such Women who their Husbands could not get with Child, should come to us try'd Men, during that Vocation, and see what we could do ? There's someting in that, indeed, quoth the Gentlewomen, but I love Liberty of Conscience: I don't love that force should be put upon Women in that particular——Charity is one thing, Wantonness another. And therefore the Gentlewomen did well, who having been kind to her Neighbour, while his Wife was in the Straw, refused him when he came to request the same Courtesie after his Wife was up and well——What, quoth she, did ye take me for a Whore ? and indeed, there may be some reason for a Woman to be kind to her neighbour at such a time, upon two considerations: first, as I said before upon the score of charity to the Man : and secondly, out of kindness to the Woman, her particular friend : for she fearing least her Neighbour should run astray among strange Women, and get some foul disease, to the prejudice of her dearly beloved friend, and knowing herself to be sound and wholesome, and that she has enough to spare, believes it a piece of generosity, for the preservation of her friend's health, and to prevent expence of physic, and family disturbance, to gratify her Neighbour's necessity, only for such a time, and no longer.

Now ye talk of having enough to spare, quoth the Midwife, I'll tell you a story, that I read in my younger days, somewhere or other, I can't tell where. There was a young Gentlewoman that liv'd in some town or other beyond the Seas, marry'd a Man who was not so brisk as my Son here ; however, he was jealous, and watched her,
and

and she had the misfortune to be taken in the arms of one that pleas'd her better than her Husband: whereupon, her Husband, like an impotent fool as he was, grew Horn-mad presently, and would needs take the severity of the law against her; which was no less than death, if the fact was prov'd upon her. There wanted no proof, you may be certain, on the Husband's part; but how d'ye think the lady came off; quoth she to the Judge, pray ask my Husband, did I ever deny'd him the satisfaction of my body, whenever he requir'd it? which the Husband confess'd to be true. Well then (my Lord) reply'd the Lady, what should I have done with the Overplus, that remain'd in my own power? Should I have squander'd it away like the Elder's Maid? was it not better for to pleasure an honest Gentleman whose Wife had been a Week in the Straw, than a Surfeited Husband, who had ten Times more than he knew what to do with? Truly Daughters, my Son has started a Nice Question, the Determination of which is to be left to the Discretion or kindness of his Neighbours; only you have heard my Story.

How the Devil can a Man spend his Time more Merrily than in such Company as this? But now comes that which spoils all again—Within two or three Days after comes the Nurse to the new Father, and tells him his hopeful Issue has got a Trush in the Mouth on't, and refuses to Suck; More than this, that his Wife has got sore Nipples, and in danger of a fever, Well and what of all this? Is a Man bound to indemnifie his Wife, or his Children from the Infirmities of Nature? But here's the wonder, that when the Wife or the Infant are fallen under any Distemper, it should be counted

accounted a Disturbance of Wedlock, to send for a Doctor or Chyrurgeon to procure their Recovery: And yet the same Persons care not what they spend upon a Surfeited Race-Horse: How many Mens' Stables cost them more than their Wives Bed-Chambers? One *Strawberry*, or a *Tregonel*, shall be more choisely look after, than all the Wives and Children in *Europe*: A Pleasant Extravagance! to grudge a sick Wife and Child the assistance of a Nurse and a Physician, when a Filli-Foal, forsooth, must have at least three or four Men-dry-Nurses to tend him at a time; Nay should the Pamper'd Beast fall sick, there are some who would exchange a Child for a Colt, at any time; and acknowledge it a kindness from Heaven to take the one, and spare the other.

But then they are troubled that the Neighbours, when they hear of the Woman or the Child's Illness, should be so diligent and good-natur'd as to visit the Sick: The Communication of their Experience, the *Probatums* and *Recipee's* is a Disturbance of Matrimony; they make a noise in the Chamber, they cry: what if they do? Their talk does not cost any thing; or what if it did? 'Tis not a Three Penny matter, compared to what your *Jowler* and *Trowler* Men spend upon a Company of yelping Hounds. Affliction, they say, is the Touch-stone of Friendship——Here's the Woman ill, and her Friends come to visit her: —— Here's the Child sick, and the Neighbours bring Cart-load of receipts and *Recipees*, and contribute their *probatums* with the same zéal as the Women carried their thimbles to *Guild-hall*. Now one would think that the Man should be highly pleased, and that it should be one of the main pleasures of his marry'd

marry'd state, to see his Friends and Neighbours so numerously careful of his Wife and Child; for still many heads are better than one.

But now both the Child and the Mother are well again, and the Mother begins to require a stronger and more costly diet than Oatmeal, Candles, and New-laid Eggs; she must have Perch and Pullets, and Pigeons, and Widgeons, Roast Veal, and young Turkies, and I know not what myself: Well ——— and what now? ——— The Men will have all these delicacies themselves at the Tavern, though they never Lay-in in their Lives, while their poor Lying-in Wives, after such a waste of Blood and Spirits, must be debarr'd the common restoratives of Nature: And thus we find it all along, 'tis not Matrimony, but the expence of Matrimony that these Men grumble at; could there be but a way found for Men to keep their Wives and Children for nothing, you should see what encomiums and panegyricks would be made upon Wedlock: 'Tis a wonder, among so many projects, that the *Greshamites* did not hit upon it. Stay ——— there is one now I think on't, that comes to my mind ——— let the Men send their Wives and Children to the Commons, and chase a grazing ——— if they can but fast Winter and Spring, there will be wild Strawberries and Bilberries enough to fill their bellies in Summer and Autumn; and better the Birds starve, than poor Women and Children. Then for Cloaths, their Husbands old cast-off Coats and Cloaks will serve; whereas no where is such a consumption of gold and silver upon lac'd Peticots, that the Men can hardly get Money enough to go to the Tavern: Oh, but they'll say, there's reason in roasting of Eggs:

Eggs: A Child-bed Woman may be restored at a cheaper rate, after her Molting-time, than with dissolv'd pearl and butter'd crabs: But suppose the kind Husband thinks nothing too good for her, must he be stinted by a Ragamuffin or a Marriage-hater; 'tis time to cry out, God bless poor sinful Women, when Sack and Sugar come to be a crime.

X. *The Gossips Invited; together with some of the pleasant and jocular Discourse that passes among them.*

NOW here's another Hell of Matrimony, according to the opinion of the humourists of this age: The good Women, forsooth, Neighbours, Friends and She Relations of the Woman in Child-bed, were kind and civil to come at a whistle, to assist the good Woman at her Labour; for which the grateful Husband invites 'em together, and bestows a decent entertainment upon 'em; and this is thrown in the Dish of Matrimony; as a great grievance of Wedlock: Now let the world judge, the good Woman recovered, has borne the brunt of a hard Labour, has replenish'd the world, there's ne'er a Maid the less for her, as they say, and her Acquaintance and Friends, such as she sent for, such as came at Midnight, are summoned to congratulate her recovery, what a reputation now would it be for the Husband, that when they come together they find nothing, but a piece of dry bread and *Suffolk*-cheese to comfort their hearts! These are crumbs of cold
K comfort

comfort for Gentlewomen to come a mile or two a Gossopping. Women are sociable creatures, and have tongues in their heads as well as Men; but their discourse is a grievance of Matrimony: Heavens bless us! would you have 'em sit like so many Turks in a Coffee-house, smoaking their noses, and drinking Sherbett, without speaking one to another for a whole day together? 'Tis not their business to trouble their heads with Elections of Sheriffs, or Parliament-men; pray give 'em leave to talk of such things as fall within the verge of their understandings; 'tis their business to bring Children into the World, upon which many casualties depend, and these casualties produce a thousand themes for discourse: When they talk bawdy, 'tis not bawdy in them, but pure philosophy: How many Gossopping-places are there about this city for Men? There is *John's* Coffee-house, and *Dick's* Coffee-house, and the *Royal* Coffee-house, the *Exchange* Coffee-house, and the *Widow's* Coffee-house, and *Sam's* Coffee-house, besides two thousand four hundred and fifty Coffee-houses more, where you shall hear Men with green aprons, talking and prating together so idly, so coxcomically, so pragmatically, that 'twould make a Man spue to hear 'em: Here sits one company of ideots reforming the State; there another sits telling ye what the Duke of *Lorain* intends to do the next Summer, before he has quited the field this Autumn, while the rest sit straining their eyes, and gaping after news, as Maids hearken after Sweethearts; and by and by comes in one for their turn, and sits him down, and amuses the gulls with more lies than are in *Mandeville's* Travels. Another tells 'em of a project he has of making
Town-tops

Town-tops spin without an Eel-skin, as if he bore malice to the School Boys; and if a *German Doctor* come in to entertain 'em with Rhodomontado's in physick, you shall hardly persuade 'em to quit the room.

But the Womens discourse is pat and home to the business in hand; if they come to a Sitting-up Feast, they laugh and are merry over the Rhenish-wine and Goose-pye: If they are invited to a Funeral, they weep over their burnt Wine and *Naples Biscuit*; this is to the purpose, and indeed at a Gossopping-feast, the work of Generation is so large a theme, and so pleasing, that it holds 'em tack in spite of their teeth. There are so many appendixes belong to the work of Generation, so many accidents, some precedent, some subsequent; so many questions to be put concerning it, that though a Gossip's Feast should endure a whole century, it would be time little enough to discourse upon the several subjects.

For example: One Woman is troubled in conscience, about what time of the day or night is best for a Man to caress his Wife. Now where would you have this question put, but in an Assembly of those who have try'd, and are best able to settle the matter? Thereupon, the question being fairly started, that in four-and-twenty hours, there were two times chiefly to be observed for a Man to yield obedience to the command of Love; the one four or five hours after Dinner: and the other four or five hours after Supper: for then, said she, the body is neither too full nor too empty, the concoction of the Stomach is in some measure perfected, the natural heat is refreshed, and the Spirits are multiplied; and that though
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the Man should be at a great expence, yet there would be a reserve left for the foundation of a new supply. Another cry'd that she heard, that the evening caresses were more delightful, and the morning embraces more wholesome, if so, cries a third, then let me have the evening caresses for pleasure; and the morning embraces for health. Upon all which, and much more than was said to the same purpose, another concluded that there was no reason for a Man that was *sane*, to be so superstitious in the observance of times and seasons: but that which troubled her most, was to know what were the certain limits which nature had set to the frequency of performance—— Here one of the Gossips taking her up, Neighbour, Neighbour, if they Men would do as they say, that question would soon be answered: For I heard, my Husband should make his braggs, a while ago at the Tavern, among his Wine-bibbing Companions, that he was a second *Hercules*; but he lies like a stinking Knave as he is—bless me! cries another, d'ye talk of limits in this particular? as if a Man was to be stinted in this case! Let him do as often as he pleases, he shall never be stinted for me? I'll never do as the *Portugal* Woman did, complain to the King of her Husband's over frequent kindness to her, and force the King by her tears and importunity, to such a stint. Why, was there ever such a Woman, indeed, Lau? cries another. Aye, indeed was there, replies the other, if stories be true; but this I read particularly in a Book of Midwifery. Bodikins, cries the other, the King should never have stinted my Husband, had he been the best King i'the World: What authority, I would fain know, has a King

to

to stint my Husband? ——— At which they all fell a laughing; and after a cup about, they fell off from their natural philosophy, and entered into a discourse about the Duty of Husbands. Marry, cries one, and I think 'tis but all the reason in the World, that our Husbands should be dutiful to us, when we bear the burden of the day. ——— If we bear, 'tis but fit they should suffer. ——— My Husband when I was married, was forced to court me a whole week, to let him come to bed to me, for only neglecting to fetch me home from such a Gossiping as this, as I commanded him ——— I have made him rise many a time, in a frosty morning, to kindle me a fire in my chamber, when my Maid has been sick. ——— But what if he would not? ——— Why then, cries the other, I'd have kicked him out of the bed, that's the long and the short on't. You, are happy, Madam, cries the other, ——— I wish I could say so too. ——— My Husband comes in roaring and ranting at nights, and if I give him the least angry word, 'tis true, he does not beat me, but he falls a banging the great Looking-glass in my Dining-room, and then I fall a crying, and am forced to hold my peace for fear of my *Indian Cabinet* ——— You are a fool, Neighbour ——— the next time he serves you so, I'll tell you what you should do ——— go to the next Shop where you are known, and take up his score as many Looking-glasses as will hang round the room: ——— Cuds fish! cries the complainant, he'll send 'em home again, and what shall I be the better for that ——— No ——— before he shall do that, break 'em yourself, cries the other, 'twill make him weary of breaking
Looking-glasses,

Looking-glasses, I warrant ye — my Neighbour's in the right, for that, cries another; but what if my Husband think it his duty to get the Maid with Child? — Oh, Neighbour replies the other, there's the law of Tit for Tat, in that case — let your Man get you with Child? — I was going t'other day to look for an old Petticoat in a high Press that I have in the Garret, and what should I find there, but the sweetest Babe that ever I saw in my life, fast asleep, and as mute as a Whiting — presently I called up my Maid, and asked her whose Child that was? She fell on her knees, and told me it was hers; by whom I pray now, Mrs. Gillian? (quo' I:) by my Master, forsooth, (quo' she,) and I could not find in my heart to Murder it; but have tended it so carefully ever since it was born, that I am sure you never heard it cry, or make the least noise in this World. Truly, I was so taken with the ingenuity of my Maid, that I presently sent for a Nurse, and put it out at my own charges. Thereupon they all cry, there was no revenge in that — — No, (quo' she,) but there is in this, that the next of mine, will be none of my Husband's, I can tell him that for his comfort: Besides, I read him such a curtain lecture for it, that the poor Cuckold was forced to down on his marrow-bones, and ask my forgiveness to boot.

Truly, Neighbour, (cries one,) in my opinion, your first revenge was a little too severe; and had you only given him a curtain lecture, and made him pay for keeping the Child, it had been enough; for it is grown so customary, now-a-days for Masters to kiss their Maids, that they will kiss their Maids though the Mistress lay a dying.
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I have heard of a Sadler that had a very careful good Wife, but because she was not immortal, she fell so ill of a sudden, that her Husband verily thought she had been upon her Death Bed: While she lay in this condition, he sobbed, he wept, he bemoaned his loss, and nothing would serve him but he would die with her: At last, when he thought her past recovery, and perceiving nobody in the Chamber but his dying Wife and a Chamber-maid, beautiful enough, he heckoned her to him, and in a soft lamentable tone, *Betty* (said he) I am now resolved to die myself, since my Mistress is so near her end; and therefore, I recommend my House and Children to thy care, and so saying, delivered her the Keys of all he had.

The poor Girl touched with compassion, besought her Master, and gave him the most comfortable language she could, beseeching him to lay aside such despairing thoughts. O *Betty*, *Betty*, (cried the Master,) there is but one thing can recover me, and that is thy kindness to me: And so saying, he threw her upon the Bed, and began to feel her breasts; which his Wife, that had not spoken in three days before, beholding, it put her in such a rage, that she recovered, and lived many years after to upbraid the falseness of her Husband.

Now ye talk of Maids, cries another, I'll tell ye a Story of a Maid that served me about three or four years after I was married: She was a good handsome Girl, and my Husband had such an aching tooth at her, that he followed her up and down the House, when I was out of the way, and would never let her be quiet; of all which the Maid was so honest as still to give me an account:

At

At length the wench, wearied with his courtship, resolved to put a trick upon him, that so she might be rid of him: Which fell out luckily? for it happened that one day, my Husband thinking I had been safe, found her sifting flower in the pastry, to make apple-pies, with a straw-hat on her head, and a night-rail about her shoulders, and there laid close siege to her. The Maid presently lays hold of this opportunity, and having seemingly condescended, desires him to put on her hat, and to keep the bolter going, while she went out upon the scout to see that all things were secure: To all which my Husband readily consented: But I faith, my Maid served him a trick for his learning; for away she came running to me, and told me in what a posture she had left him; nor was I less hasty to see what a new Pastry-maid I had got ——— But Laud ——— when I saw my Husband so strangely bedizened in his straw-hat and his night-rail, I thought I should have died with laughing ——— honest Maid (quoth I) what wages shall I give you a month; you look like one that will prove an excellent Servant. My Husband hearing my voice, and finding himself betrayed, you would have burst your sides to have seen how he looked, with his face all meally and staring like a roasted pig — down went the straw-hat, off went the night-rail, and away he went out at the Back-door, as if the Devil had been in his tail ——— I think so he was (quoth another) when you were so near him. This put them all into such a loud laughter, that it was a wonder they did not break the backs of the chairs with their shoulders; and some were so taken with the story, that they could not forbear laughing backward as well as forward.

Come,

Come, Neighbours, cries another, this a time to be Merry, and tell Stories—but let's first drink, here Gossip, here's to your next Husband and mine—Faith, quoth she, I drink as I think—So—now to my Story—I remember my Mother was wont to tell a tale of a Neighbour of her's, a good Wealthy Farmer, who had a very good Woman to his Wife, that brought him a good fortune, and made it her Endeavours to please him in all things, and he was no less afraid to displease her: But for all the great Love he bore her, he was withal so Charitable, that many times he gave to his Neighbours what was more properly due to his Wife: This Farmer had a Dairy-Maid, of a delicate Complexion, for whom he had a very great Kindness: But fearing his Wife should take notice of it, he made great Complaints of her every day to his Wife, telling her what a lazy Slut she was, and wondering why she did not bang her sides—Why then (quoth the good Woman to her Husband, suspecting nothing) do you bang her sides; you see her Mis-carriages oftner than I. —Why then Wife, quoth the Husband with your leave, so I will—but now I think on't quoth he, should I make use of my Cudgel, my hand is so heavy, I should break her Bones—but Twigs break no Ribs —I'll e'en exercise my Talent upon her Buttocks, as you do by your Children, and I warrant I'll bring her to someting —As you think fit for that (quoth the Wife) for I have neither the Heart to beat her to purpose, nor the strength to Master her. Away goes the Husband, and, like a cruel Beadel, provides himself a swinging Rod, no less dreadful than the Picture in *Winchester School*;

so that the poor Woman had more Pity for her Maid, than Suspicion of her Husband.

Soon after, the Spirit moving him, up he gets from his Wife betimes in the Morning, and away he posts to his Dairy-maid in the Garret; where he gave her another sort of Chastisement than what Wife meant. When he had done, the wench fell a crying, the Master fell a trashing the Coverlet and Bed-Posts, till he had worn the Rod to the very Stumps; and so returning to his Wife—Well (quoth he) I think I have done her Business. I believe sh'll remember *May-Day* Morning as long as she lives.

Within a few days after the Maid being taken with a qualm of Repentance, comes to her Mistress, and falling upon her Knees with Tears in her Eyes, began to tell her how that her Husband had done her the greatest Wrong imaginable. Her Mistress thinking it had been the Business of the Reds, not suffering her to go on—Your Master (quoth she) has done well——'twas no more than I bid him do——all that I fear, is he has not done so much as he should have done. The Dairy-Maid hearing her Mistress's Approbation, began to have a better Opinion of herself, and to believe it no Sin for a Maid to lie with her Master, especially when the Bed-Post suffer'd for it; and from that Time forward, resolv'd never to refuse her Master's Correction whenever he was so kind as give it her.

Lau' ye now, (cries another,) are not these Men a wicked sort of people, to accuse Women of so much Subility as they do——here was a Knave in grain, ought to have been hung up by the heels, for all the good Women in the Parish to have had a lash.

a lash at his Tail, for deceiving a good Women, as he did——But I'faith he should not have cozen'd me so; if he would have been correcting I'd have seen the Correcting done myself. I knew a young Gamester that used to Tickle his Chamber-Maid——and one Summer Morning very early, he carried her down into the Garden, and causing her to lie down upon the Grass, he went to work with her —— But perceiving that one of his Neighbours had espy'd him out of her Chamber-Window, up he went and fetching down his wife, serv'd her in the same Sauce——Within a Day or two after, the Neighbour came and told the good woman what she had seen her Husband do to the Maid. My Maid!——neighbour (quoth the good Women) 'twas myself, I assure ye——Why, d'ye think (quod' the Woman) that I don't know you from your Maid! I tell you 'twas myself (quoth the other;) and do what her Neighbour could do for her Life, she could not persuade her to the contrary.

And thus they hop from one Story to another, as Birds from Bough to Bough: For their Tongues never lye still but when they drink, for they can talk with their Mouths full. And now Woe be to those that have got an ill Name——there's not a Man or Woman they know of, that is not scann'd, for their good or bad Deeds —— Such a one cries one, was forc'd to submit to a Search 'tother Day, in the Court of *Arches*, at the Complaint of her Husband——Cuds bobs, quoth another, I heard someting of it indeed —— pray Neighbour how did it go? —— Why the Midwife that was foremost of the Jury, brought it in, That she had as good a one as she had, and she had enough to serve the best four Men in *England*
Another

Another whispers her neighbour in her Ear, so loud that all the Company might hear her,—
 'Slife, Gossip, they say, Mrs. *What d'ye-call her*, was brought home t'other Night in a Coach, by two tearing Gallants, at Twelve of the Clock at Night, presently Five great Candles were call'd for, to light the Centlemen up stairs. where they stayed with her till Two of the Clock in the Morning——I pity the poor Man her Husband (and then she shakes her head, as if she would shake the Teeth out of her Mouth) —— These are all ill Things, Neighbour (quo' she)—What are all ill Things, Gossip? cries another.——Things that we are talking of (cries (t'other)—— Now ye talk of Things (cries another) of all Things that ever I heard of, I cannot but admire at one of my Acquaintaince in *White-Chapel*, that shall be nameless——Why, what of her?——Why, she was brought-to-Bed, about a Year since——but when she was in Labour she cry'd out, she could not be Delivered before the Thing that got it was cut off. —— And what became of the Business?—— what became on't Kether!——Why we were forced to send for Doctors and Chirurgeons, and get the Husband up, and give him good words to let it be cut off. —— At first, to save his thing—he swore 'twas none of his thing that got it——'till the Chirurgeons told him how they intended to cozen his Wife.———— And how was that pray? Why, there was all things formally done——the Husband roard——and the Likeness of a thing was shewn all Bloody, as if newly cut off——and then the Woman was brought-to-bed; but I must tell ye Mrs. *Foreman*, she repented it a thousand Times before her Month was out, —— and when she

she came to understand how she was deceived, never was Woman so overjoyed as she was.

By this time their Husbands were come to attend them home, and the young Father unwilling to disturb their Mirth before, enters with all his Myrmidons. And now Higgledy-piggledy, the Women must not think to have all the Chat themselves.—Pray, my dear, cries one, look well upon that Child—'tis a brave Boy, faith, and I intend this Night to get such another — hold Husband, quoth his Wife, I'll give you four Nights, and do the best you can—I'm a fraid you will come short of my Neighbour by his Workmanship.

By and by they begin to grow Mellow, and then are for chopping and changing of Wives; the Men take the Women as the Lots fall, and throw 'em upon the Green-woman's Bed, where as far as Kissing and Smuggling goes, there's no Mercy. Fie, Mr. *Such-a-one*, cries one — I wonder y'are not asham'd, cries another — Husband (cries another) pray come help me. I am busy, Wife (quoth he) Another more dextrously handled, cries, well, — well, — I hear ye — Some are so Coy, and so Nice, that when her Paramour comes to give her a Buss, she gives him a Box on the Ear — Stand away, Cock-Robin (quoth she) — I'll give thee a slap on the Face (cries another) if ye meddle with me — But this won't serve their turn — the Men must have Busses, and Busses they will have — This begets a pretty Skirmish at the other end of the Room — The women pull off the Mens Perukes, and defend themselves with their Claws for a while, but not being able to hold out, they are forc'd to yeld at length, with the proverb in their
L Mouths. —

Mouths.—*Better give a Knave a Kiss than be troubled with him.*

This Horse-Play being over, in comes the Punch-Bowl, and that compleats the Work of the Night: The Men grow Tipsie, and tell Stories of their Wives; the Women get Maudlins, and tell an hundred Tales, what their Husband said to them, when they first came a wooing—and by what strange Accidents they came together——Laud! cries one, I no more dreamt of having this Husband of mine two Days before I had him, than I dreamt to be Pope of *Rome*——For I was Courted by as compleat a handsome young Man, as you should see in a Summer's Day——But he (forsooth) when all Things was agreed upon, besides my portion, would needs have a Mare that my Father had in his Stable, or else it was no Bargain: Nay, (thought I) if you come a Wooing to my Father's Mare and not to me, then fare you well——I'll be no Man's Wife that must have a Mare for his *Miss*; and so I hit upon this Cock-Robin here——Ah! *Bob*, would'st thou but take my advice, thou might'st be a happy Man.—Hickup, Hickup (quoth another) I have a Ne'er-be-good too, yonder, Hickup,——Do what I can for my life, Hickup——I cant keep him out of the Bowling-Green, Hickup,——in *Whitmore-Fields*; sometimes I walk that Way, Hickup——in an Evening, and there I can hear his voice, Hickup——rub, rub, rub, rub, Hickup.——But, Sirrah, *Will*——if thou would'st but rub, rub, Hickup——more at home, it would be——Hickup——a great deal the better for thee—Hickup.

The Punch-Bowl thus empty'd the Women are
up

up in arms to hear another call'd for. No, by no means, they cry altogether,——and juggling every one her own Husband to herself, they put on their Scarfes and their Hoods, and home they march, leaning upon their Husbands Arms, with a more than ordinary weight, you may be sure. Perhaps, one or two are so Godly, as to say their Prayers by the way——that's nothing, 'tis but turning the Petticoat, and all's well again.

Thus Gentlemen, and Ladies, here has been a Child-bed Woman visited—here has been a great many stories told—here has been a great deal of Philosophy revealed, a world of Mirth and Jolity; and which is the cement of good Company, perhaps a great deal of good Cheer. Now, the duce take me, if I can find where any Grievance of Matrimony is to be discovered in all this. For the Women have their Laws any constitution in these cases among themselves, as unalterable as those of the *Medes* and *Persians*. They know that no body goes to meet in bare walls, but they that go to church. Deny them the Retaliation of a gossips Feast, and you may bring your Wife to bed yourself the next Time: Thus far then we are right. And now for the next.

IX. *The Child comes to be Coated, the Child grows forward, and the Inconveniency of Wet-Nurses.*

THIS very true, a Man that is born of a Woman must be coated; that's a Maxim not to be deny'd: Children must be coated before they can wear Breeches. They say, indeed, that the Sons
of

of the Giants were put in Breeches as soon as they were born, because they were as big as our Children at Nine or Ten Years of Age, and could go as soon as they dropt from their Mothers Wombs: Besides that, they had Teeth at their first coming into the World, and never suck'd. But it is not so with the Children of this Age, they must be coated for the conveniency of the Nurses turning up their Shitten Tails. Let them therefore want a coat to their Backs that murmur at the Coating of Children. But they do not grumble at the Coating of Children, they cry, but that the Mother keeps such a fiddle-faddle about it. 'Tis an hard Case that a Mother must be Snibb'd, and Snubb'd, and Crubb'd about the Coating of a Child. 'Tis the Mother's delight to see her Child go trim and neatly drest. But you'll say, the Mother is too solicitious about the mode and Richness of the Stuff; and in a short while, the Child must have a Lac'd Bonnet with a Plume of Feathers to boot. And all the Reason in the world; for the Child is to be carried abroad to be shown, and the finer it is, the more graceful it will look: It may be too, the Father is an Artillery-Man, and then I hope he will not grudge his Man-child a Feather. You'll say, that in former times, the *Picts*, who inhabit one of the coldest Climes in *England*, were wont to go naked, and there was none of this trouble among them about Coating of Children: But alas we have no such hardening of Children now-a-days. That Women would have all the Boys at her heels, that should walk in the Streets, and her Nurse following her with a Child in her Arms, as Naked as ever it was born; besides the danger of its dying of a Chin-cough. Some Men indeed, will look
askew,

askew, to see their Children as soon as born in silk Lac'd Coats; and all things correspondent; but their Wives have an Answer for 'em; they take them up at the first rebound, and cry, why is it finer than my neighbour such-a-one's Child? what can any Man say to that now, if he be but a person of Reason: however the poor Man then shakes his Head, and cries, Wife, the *Lacedemonians*; and they were a frugal People, were never wont to trick up their Infant so gay——fart for the *Lacedemonians* (quoth she) what d'ye tell me of the *Lacedemonians*; I had as soon have no children, as not to see them go fine.

By and by comes the Godmother, hearing when the Child is to be coated, and brings it a gilt Coral, a Silver spoon and porringer, and a brave new Tankard of the same Metal, with a train of half a dozen Gossips; and after them (for the news flies) half a dozen more; and so by threes and fours, till the House be as full as at the late gossips Feast. S'live what shall we do now!——For the Godmother will expect to be treated——why, 'tis a happiness that *London* never wants a market. Then the Husband beckoning to the Wife—hark ye—Wife, a word with ye——well——what's the matter now?——Who thought of a Parliament? 'Sniggers diggers, here is the Tribe of *Gad* come in upon us——what, more treats still? more treats still! quo' the Wife, ay, and more and more Treats after that, if I please; are they not your Friends as well as mine?——Go go, prithee get thee to market, and buy that which is good, and send it in quickly——'tis almost Twelve o'Clock, and we have nothing but cold Meat in the House. At this the Man scratches his Head, goes to his Till, takes his cane and gloves, and away he marches.——

marches.—Now suppose he does buy up a whole Poulter's Shop, and send it in, he has the worth on it in good Plate. Nay, you shall see how he is Rewarded for his good Deeds; for by and by, the apprentice comes after him into the market, and tells him the Godfathers are come too, the one with a whole piece of Flowered Silk, the other with a set of Gilt Spoons, the gifts of Lord-Mayors at several times: Now is not this worth a good dinner, d'ye think?—Certainly there cannot be a greater Pleasure to a Man, than to find that his Child has such Benefactors before he is five weeks old—as if the free Gift of Gilt Spoons and Silver Tankards, were to be reckoned among the Discomforts of Wedlock. But these Mumblers against Matrimony, pick out the worst, and the leave the best. Poverty indeed may a little embitter Matrimony; but good friends and Relations render Wedlock the most comfortable of all conditions—let a man but make as good a choice all along as he did at first, and then there's every Child a new Tankard. For look ye, there's Policy in all things. The next gossips Feast the Husband brings forth his Gilt Spoons and his Tankard——and cries, these spoons were given my Son *Tom* by his Godfather, and this tankard was given him by his Godmother—which is enough to teach the others what copy to follow: whence we must infallibly conclude, that Coating a Child is no discomfort of Matrimony: rather a Man would chuse that his Wife should bring forth every month such Silver Comforts as these.

But here is the business; the Mother does not care for the trouble of suckling her Child herself, and therefore there must be a Wet-nurse taken
into

into the House, and the Devil's in that sort of cattle. For then you shall have a snuff-gut, a story-good, a spoil-all, a tale-bearer, and what not? She must have the first cut of the meat from the table; she must have her toast and sack at mornings, and her quarts of ale at dinner and supper, and between meals, there is nothing can rest in the cupboard for the worm in her greedy gut. What of all this? as if a Mother could be too indulgent to her Foster-sister, that supplies her stead. Good liquor and often feeding, breeds good milk, and good milk makes fat growing Children. Do ye think a Mother does not take more delight in calling her Child *fat jubb*s, than *skeleton*? And do you think it is not as great pleasure for a Father to see his Child thrive, rather than prove a starveling? More than this, I must tell you that in *Ireland* your Foster-sisters do not only suckle the Child, but the Father too; and can there be a greater pleasure and advantage of Matrimony, than to derive from thence, by the virtue of getting Children, the opportunity of enjoying a kind of legal variety? For he is a fool of a Foster-brother that will not change his Foster-sister every Child, supposing his affection to the old one be worn out.

Now is there any man so unconscionable, as to believe that such a Woman does not deserve good victuals and good drink, that gives the Child and the Father suck both at one time. A'my word, 'tis a great exhausting to Nature, and requires a large supply. And therefore let not these mumblers against Matrimony keep such a pudder about the extravagancies of the Wet Nurse—for what she consumes one way she saves another; for she
keeps

keeps the good Man from scaper-loitering abroad, and spending his money among dirty drabs. She is at hand upon all occasions; and the Devil's in't, if a Wife and a Nurse be not enough for one Man. I confess, you may meet with some of your *Wapping* Nurses that are very pockey; but they are so conscionable that they will never let themselves be felt, for fear of a discovery; by which means the Father escapes, though they send the Child to *Peg-trantum's* in a small time, which may be a great ease to a Man sometimes, especially if his Wife come too fast.

But suppose the Child be put out to Nurse in the Country, then there must be soap and candles, and sugar, and four shillings a week, and the Devil and all. However, by this means the Child is out of hearing; some Men cannot endure the bawling and yawling of Children, nor the wretched voices of Nurses singing *Hopkins's* tunes to still them; they had rather hear a noise of the city-musick, by half, over a fish dinner. But then there must be another expence, if the Mother be an indulgent, tender-hearted Mother; there must be a journey by water, once a week at least, to *Brentford* or *Twickenham*; or else in the Stage Coach to *Barnet* or *Croydon*: Well, and how does this affect Matrimony?——Children when they are born must be nursed——And let me tell ye, a Waterman's Wife well dressed, may be a good dish for variety——Here is opportunity enough; an assignation at Nurse's can never be suspected; and when the pretence is so just, how can the fact be unlawful?——Husband (cries the Wife) how serves the tide to-morrow? for I intend to go and see how the Child does. Thus is she sure for so
many

many hours, and he scouts another way.——
At another time, Wife (quoth the Husband) I have little to do to-morrow, I'll even take a walk and see how the boy does: And then she lays hold of her opportunity. And thus they both alternately participate of the pleasures of the fresh air, and a fresh bit for their cats; and all this by reason the Child is put out to Nurse.

I have heard a Story of an Elder of his congregation, one that had clambered to the top pinnacle of parish preferment, a common-councilman's fellow; one that never cheated, but in the integrity of his heart; one with a saint-like look, peek-bearded, satin-caped, diminutive-banded; and when he drove a bargain, one that looked up to Heaven with his hands upon his breast, in such a manner, that you might have seen his very conscience in his eyes: Yet this good, pious, grave citizen, upon an accidental step of his Wife into the country to see her young bantling at Nurse, suffered his Maid to steal into his Wife's place, and by a surprise of the Devil, got her with Child. 'Tis true the good Man (for generally such saints as these have luck) had an ingenious and dutiful slip-string to his Apprentice, that helped him out at a dead lift; or else who knows what a family havock it might have produced. I leave you to judge the afflictions, terrors and agonies that tormented the *Senior* of the Vestry, when he found the state of his condition; in the midst of which, he had no friend to trust to, but his honest, virtuous young Apprentice, but t'other day a scaper loitering hedge bird, that never minded any business, but now so reformed of a sudden, that it seemed to be a miracle. To him therefore he unfolded

folds his misery, because he knew the young Man made no great profession of Godliness, as being one that used to lie out of his house at nights, and played many other pranks with which satan inspires youth; who readily, like an arch crack-rope as he was, apprehends his Master's meaning, and most dutifully promises to Father the Child, provide a Nurse, and hide it up in the Country. And now the *Curmudgeon* his Master's Stable and Horses are at his command. On the other side, the young Man, without the constraint of an Indenture, provides for the Lying-in, appears at the Christening, junquets his comrades, and brings in his Bills which are not to be questioned. Now he might go out, lie out, ramble where he pleased; for he is still looking after the Child in the Country; for the Nurse is ordered to ply him with notes of what the Child lacks, which he still sheweth his Master in private, to put him in mind of his mortality. And thus for two years together, that the Child lived, and another year after it was dead, did Father *Junior* live a most pleasant life, by this good management, to the great Content and Solace of his Master, to observe the Discretion and Fidelity of his young 'Prentice, who by this Means had his Master at his Back, and a Nurse in the Country at his Command.

Thus you see it demonstrated, that a Nurse in the Country may prove a great Refreshment to the Husband, and as great a Convenience to the Wife.

Well, but at length the Child comes home again, for the Child is not to suck always, and then there must be a Dry Nurse found out; for the Child must be carried abroad, the Child must be shewn: The Mother goes first, and the Child follows after,
and

and so they walk their rounds, till all their acquaintance have had a sight of the Child: But these are but idle exceptions against Matrimony—— Every Woman thinks her own offspring the fairest; and all people, especially the Female Sex, love to have their Children bussed and dandled by Strangers. Who do you think was here to day? cries one Woman to her Husband——I do not know, cries the Man——Why, Mistress *Such-a-one*, and she brought her Child along with her, a lovely sweet Babe indeed——and as fine as any Lord's Child——other Men are kind to their Wives, and let them have what they will for their Children —— Ours go like chimney sweeper's brats—— But I will turn over a new leaf, I'faith ——I will have our Children go as other folks Children do, and not like the scum of the Parish——

Here's a great pleasure of matrimony, for a man to see his Wife lay hold of a good Example: Some Woman will never learn, they are either so Sottish or so niggardly: Nay there are some Women of that temper, that they care not what becomes of their Children; let them go naked if they will, for them, so they can get money enough from their Husband to trim and trick up themselves to spend in Coach-hire, Plays, and Junquitting abroad, but take no more Notice of their Children, than Cats of their Kittens, after they have weaned them: Hang such Wives; or send to *Pensilvania*; a Score of them are not worth a brass Shilling: But she that loves to see her Children as fine as herself that's your Woman that stands upon her Reputation; there's your true loving Mother: 'Tis a Sign she loves to get Children: And what greater Happiness to a married Man, than to have such a
Bedfellow.

Bedfellow. Let the Man but find gay Cloaths, and she will find Children I warrant ye. What does it signify, for a Man to have delicate Red-check'd Pippins, and no body come to commend them? That Woman is worth Gold, that loves to see her Children go fine; for then she'll be sure to see them kept Sweet and Clean, for fear of staining their guady Habiliments. All other Creatures come into the world with their Cloths upon their Backs; only Man is born Naked, because so many Creatures are Created to Cloath him. And if Women and Children should not go fine, I wonder who should; for they are the chiefly beloved objects of Man's Eye; and therefore the more Glorious, the more attractive. As it is in Gardens, where the Embroidery of various Colours charms the sight; so it is no less a pleasure within doors, without doors, every where, to see Women and Children in their flower'd Sattins and Silks of sundry hues. They are the Lillies and Roses of the World, when they are fine and gay; but the weeds and Rubbish of Society, when Ragged and Sluttish. What a fine Sight my Lord-Mayor's Shew would be, to see a company of nasty tatter'd Dunghil-rakes sitting in the Pageants! But the Sight of a company of Children spruc'd up and glittering in their Colours and gaudy Tinsels; see how it fills all the Windows in the Streets, and beholders croud far and near to gratifie their eyes with the sight of those signifi'd Apparations. Batchelors are the greatest Slovens in the world; their Chambers lye like Hogsties, their Kitchens like desarts, their Diet nothing but cooks-Meat, and a greasie Napkin to eat upon, in a Room that stinks of Grease and Tobacco, and a
nasty

nasty Whore to attend him. But happy is the Man that has marry'd a Woman that loves to see her Children go neat and tricky; she'll be sure to see her House kept clean, to have her Meat well dress'd, and her Bed smell of Rose-Cakes, and lavender, and then a Man lives like a Lord.

As for Sickness, and Meazeles, and Small-Pox, we have nothing to say to that; they are Accidents not to be avoided; tho' give me leave to tell ye, There is nothing more generally preserves Children from those Distempers, than their going Fine, and being kept Sweet and Clean from Stench and Nastiness. And so much for this Point.

XII. *The Daughters grow up, and want Portions, and what follows thereupon.*

BUT now we are down in the Mouth again: Here are Children, I mean the worst of Children, Daughters that live and grow up, and expect Portions, and Portions must be had, or else you may keep your Daughters to yourself. However, the least thing a Man can do, there must be Education, which goes a great way sometimes; and then, besides the Charge of the Boarding Shool, there must be fine Cloaths to quicken the Market, if nothing else. Fine Cloaths, an exquisite Voice, and a swimming Carriage in Dancing, have many times bewitched many a young Gentleman—and many times a Man had better give a thousand Pound for a well-Educated, good Conditioned young Gentlewomen, than take a Wife with a large portion—what says the young Man

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in Terence? Well, I have received my portion; but alas! I have sold my superiority of an Husband for money. Is it not therefore better for a Man to marry a handsome Girl, and a good House Wife, for little or nothing, than to squander and forfeit the birth right of his creation for a thousand pounds? Besides, there are some Men will say more in a week, than they will do in a year: They will promise mountains, and give mole-hills. Now if a Father can so order his business, as to put off his Daughter for little or nothing; that is to say, if a Man can put off his piss kitchens with fair words and promises, I think that Man has all the Pleasures of Matrimony in a Horse-back. He has had the Pleasures of getting his Daughters, the Pleasures of Gossips Feasts and Christnings, the pleasure of their obedience and attendance, the pleasure of seeing them grow up in grace, Virtue and Modesty; and lastly, the pleasure of Bestowing them to his mind, and cheating a young Gentleman, at the easy Rate of fair words and large promises, tickling him up with the name of a Son, and *Sundays* Dinners, and Laughing at him in his sleeve for the rest.

I knew an old *Hunks* that was one of the Masters of the Parish, and been one of his Company too; one that had got an Estate, as Tradesmen usually do, by downright Cheating: This Man had a Daughter that was indifferent Snout-fair, and it was not for him that had been an industrious Man all his Life along, to keep an Idle Baggage in his House after Sixteen. Now what does he do? He has her finely Prink'd up, sends her to the Dancing-School, and Pins a report of no less than a Thousand Pounds at her back, where-ever she went. The snare thus laid, the Birds come Pecking about the Pit-fall, but some were wiser than some, till at length a smitten Youngster comes to the Point——Your price, Sir, (quo' he) to the Father——Why, Sir, (quoth the Father) you and I shall not fall out——I assure ye, I Sir, have given her as good Breeding

Breeding as most of my Condition. But because there is something more required in this age than Breeding, look ye, Sir, I have two Daughters, and I intend to give them both alike——I have but one Son, and I shall leave him sufficient besides——But first, Sir, pray come and see my Daughter——for I shan't dispose of her against her Consent——'tis not a Portion that I stick upon, but a good Husband, and such a one I know she deserves. Away goes the young Gentleman, and sees the young Girl, fine Cloaths, a fine Face, and fine Almode Curchees——and thus the unwary young Gull is drill'd on, and got into the Noose, before he knows where he is——Well, at length the Business is concluded, with a Promise of a Thousand Pound, and so away they go to Church. But in what a sad Condition is the young Man left, when the Father-in-Law comes with his Abatements——Either his Scrivener is broke and run away with his Money into the Fleet——or else it lies in a Parliament-Man's Hands, and he knows not how to sue him; however, in Kindness to his Daughter, he'll strain hard for three hundred pounds, and so the young Man is forced to take home his bad Market; only he has the good hap to have a Father-in-Law that has good acquaintance, and if the worst comes to the worst, he'll procure him a Factor's Place in the *East-Indies*; in Consideration of which he causes him to settle what he has upon his Wife, and so sends him packing. Let him die there if he pleases, his Daughter is ready for another with Advantage, and now let her shift for herself——Now where is the Inconvenience of Matrimony, for a Man to be rid of his Trouble-Houses, at the Expence of a few fine Cloths, and a Slight Boarding-School Breeding; And indeed, if you consider the conveniencies of good Education, there is nothing more to be valuded than that; let her be foul or fair, if she be well Educated, that's enough. A Thousand Pound; What's a Thousand Pound? 'Tis spent in a Breakfast, or gam'd away in one Night; but

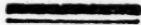
but no Man can Game away his Wife's Education. Her skill in Seasoning a Venison-Pasty, is really to be valued at Two Hundred Pounds at least, her Art in raising a Turkey or a Goose-Pye, is clearly to be reckon'd at the rate of Three hundred Pounds; her Knowledge in Marketing, is worth Two Hundred Pounds more; and her Skill in Preserving and Making Plumb-Cakes, and Dr. *Stephen's* Water, is worth at least Five Hundred Pounds more; And there's as good as Twelve Hundred Pounds of the King's best Coin in *England*. Portions makes but bad Husbands, and Women proud Wives, and Ruin more than they Raise. He that chos'es for the Portion's Sake, buys a Concubine, does not marry a Wife. If it be a Grievance of Matrimony, that a Man is not able to bestow a Portion upon his Daughter, 'tis a great Discomfort to him, to see his Daughter returned upon his hands, like a *Bromming-ham* Groat, after the Consumption of his utmost Exhibition; which if he had never had to part withal, he had never been liable to that Discomfort. Neither is it safe always to devulge what a Man intends to give with his Daughter; for if that be once spread abroad, 'tis Ten Thousand Pounds to a Nut Shell, but there comes one smooth Chinn'd *Slipstring* or other, and makes a *Pie-Corner* Insurance of his Affection upon her belly. She is betrayed by this Midwife, and the other Nurse, or another Beldam Conveyor of *Billet-Deux*, and all her Fathers Carping and Caring, squandered away upon a Scape-Goat of an Attorney's Clerk; or Coach'd away in a Moon Shiny Night, from a Boarding-School, by a young 'Squire of seven Hundred a Year in *No Land*. We have heard of some too that have been Courted upon the Report of being Heiresses, to that condescension, as to suffer themselves to be let down from their Guardian's Garret-Window in a dust Basket, as if they were making their Escapes for Felony; then away to bed, and a clean Pair of Sheets, and so home again by Five a Clock in the Morning, before any Body is up but the dear Conspiratress that sits up to let her in.

But

But if a Man have but hopeful Children, there is no fear of these miscarriages. There are a sort of hopeful Children, as they call them; such as they who have them, enjoy the greatest blessings of Matrimony imaginable; for many times they can shift for themselves without Portions. Such as can swim in the World without bladders of annuities. These are Sons and Daughters, that being sensible of the Inability of their Parents, can find a way to the Wood of themselves. I have heard of a Gentleman in the Country, that had no less than eight hopeful Daughters in a cluster; and what did he do with them? Why finding them all to be hopeful, he sent them all to *London*, and there was not one but shifted for herself. Now what was this Gentleman the worse for his eight Daughters, or Matrimony that produced them. Do not you know there is an Office of Intelligence in the Town? Certainly this Office was devised by such as had no Portions to give their Daughters: For Ladies must have Waiting-women, and those Waiting-women will have the Chaplains in spite of their Teeth: And therefore do but set up your Daughter with a good Suit of Clothes at first, and if she be but hopeful, I'll warrant ye you will hear no more of her, which must of necessity be a great comfort to her Parents. For the Recreation and Pleasure for a Man to see the ingenuity of his hopeful Children, in shifting for themselves, is assuredly as great, as to stand upon the Foil, and see the Hare dance and double before the Hounds.

Such hopeful Daughters as these we speak of were the *Cyprian* Virgins of old, that waited at the sea side for Strangers, and permitted them the Use of their Bodies, 'till they got Money enough to marry them honestly. For if Daughters will have Portions where they cannot be had, they must fetch them out of the fire. An old Fox thinks he has given his young Cubs Portion enough, when he has taught them to shift in the World: At first he provides Lambs and Chickens for them: but when once they come to be at the age of discretion, he thinks it enough that he
for

has begot them wit and parts, and leave them to prog for themselves. How many wealthy Citizens have we had, that came to Town without Portions, in their Blue Breeches and Leather Doublets, arrived at great Estates, and then hang up their Leather Doublets and Blue Breeches, as trophets of their Industry! Portions are the bane of Children; they make the young Men lazy, the young Women haughty, and both improvident; so that when they come to have a deep bag, that was none of their own getting, Heaven knows, they think it has no bottom; and what becomes of them then? Why, the Women turn up an Ace Trump, and so play out their Game; and the Men provide themselves with Stone Doublets, that last as long as they live. 'Tis want of Portions, that advances ingenuity, teaches Parrots to speak, and Spaniels to set Patridges. A Mark a Year, well employed, is enough for a Woman, and for Men, the World is wide enough.



XIII. *The Woman Cuckolds her Husband.*

THAT is many an honest Man's Fortune, and what befalls honest Men, ought never to be a Discomfort to any Body. Is there any way to prevent it? Call *Oliver's Act* to your Assistance; if the Woman's Friend do but hang his Hat upon the key-hole, he is as safe as a Thief in a Mill. Give me leave to tell ye, a Woman that never lay with any Man but her own Husband, might set up for one of the most wealthy Empresses in the World. Thus we read in a Story, of a certain King of *Egypt*, whose name was *Phero*, who was stricken blind, and so continued for several years. At length he sent to consult the Oracle of some Heathen Deity or other, what he should do in the miserable condition he was in: By which he was answered, That if he washed his Eyes with a Woman's Water, that never had known any Man but her own Husband, he should recover his sight. You may be sure,

sure, such a Prince as he, would spare for no Cost, nor to make any search that might tend to his Relief. However, as it was but reason, he tryed his own Wife first: But alas! her Water would do no fents. How many several varieties of Waters he afterwards tried, the Lord of *Oxford* knows; but certain it is, the number was infinite. At length, when he was almost in Despair, he met with one Woman's Water that did his Job. So soon as he was recovered and well, he caused all the Women whose Water he had experimented in vain, to be herded together, and enclosed in one great City (by which you may guess their were a swinging cluster of them) and there caused them to be Burnt all together, City and all; and then took the Woman that had cured him, as a Jewel only fit for a Prince, to his own Bed.

What then is universal, can never be a sure cause of discontent. Since it is one Man's Fortune as well as anothers. Besides, if the Natural Philosophers speak true, and they should understand the Secrets of Nature. Women are much more prone to Amorous Desires than Men. Nature itself has so ordered it. How then can we think weak Women should be able to resist the Violences and Impulses of Nature! Love will enter Nunneries, much more the Habitations of these Women that have tasted the Sweetness of Amorous Delights: Had she been chaste, *Lucretia* had never stabbed herself; it was a sign she had committed the act, though afterwards she took a pet to herself for having done it; for to talk of Ravishing is a Folly. On the other side, let Women be ever so chaste, Men will be shewing bad examples; they will be Bussing their Chamber-maids, they will be Debauching their Neighbours She Bed-fellows. And what better precedents can Women follow, than those of their Husbands: Nay, some Men are so simple to let other Men lye with their own Wives, and yet their own Wives shall no nothing of the matter.

There was a certain Gentleman, who had been for
some

some years Married to a very virtuous Wife, but notwithstanding all her virtue, he had more mind to his Maid; and to that purpose he resolved to make his Addresses to her. Now this Gentleman had a Friend in the same Parish, one of his own complexion, but younger, between whom there was such an extraordinary Intimacy, that they shared in all things equally but their Wives: To him therefore the Gentleman declares the design he had upon his Maid; who not only encouraged him, but promised him the utmost of his assistance, in hopes to have a share of the Booty. However, the Maid was so coy, that being pressed with her Master's Importunities, she went and told her Mistress; the Wife glad of the opportunity, bid the Maid be patient a little longer, ordered her to comply with her Master by degrees, and at length to appoint him her Bed-chamber such a Night. This the Chamber-maid did, at which her Master was so overjoyed, that he ran to tell his Friend, what a Feast he was to have such a Night, who only desired him that he might have his leavings. The hour being come, the Master failed not to be with his Maid, as he thought, but his Wife had supplied her room, and received him not as a Married Woman, but with the strivings and strugglings of an ignorant Virgin, and so carried herself, that her Husband never perceived her. At length having done as much as he could, gets up and hastes to his Companion to tell him how valiantly he had behaved himself. Upon which his Friend minded him of his promise: Go then quickly, cried the Master, for fear she rise of herself, and to work goes he with his Friend's Wife, who thinking her Husband had been returned with a new supply, suffered the Friend to do what he pleased; however she wondered at her Husband's Vigour, not having been accustomed to such Night-work. At length, after the Friend had staid as long as he durst, the Friend slips off the Woman's Thumb-ring in a frolick; which she was more willing to let go, believing it would rise up in Judgment

ment against her Husband. Soon after, the two Intimadoes met again, to make Repition of their past joys; but then it was that the Maid's Master discovering his Wife's Ring upon his Friend's Finger, cried out like a Man distracted. In the Name of all the Devils in Hell, What have I done! I have even made a Cuckold of myself; however, it was my Friend (quoth he) and there is a Proverb or two to help me out at a dead list, *Harm Watch, Harm Catch.*

Thus the Woman was acquitted as Innocent, but the Husband was pointed at for a Cuckold to his Dying-day. Here is a Woman made her Husband a Cuckold, yet no Man can say black was her Eye. So that it is not a Woman's making her Husband a Cuckold is the matter so much, but the letting it take Air when it is done; had the Friend then medled only with the Ring, which the Husband lent him, and never taking the Ring of Gold, the Cuckolding had past without Discovery, and there had been no harm done.

'Tis the Pointing, Prating World, that makes the Cuckold; the Woman does but lye with another Man. A Son complained to his Father-in-law, of a Discovery he made of his Wife: well———and what could the Father say, Why? he desired the Mother to take her Daughter to Task in private, and to give her a Juniper Lecture: She does so, and the Father and Son stood behind the Hangings, and heard all.———Fie, Daughter, quoth the Mother. I thought you had more Discretion at these Years———do such a Thing and be discovered? Fie upon it———Where was your wit! Where were your brains? I have been Married to your Father these Thirty Years and upwards, and have had many a private Friend in a Corner, and yet your Father cannot say Black's my Eye. Thus you see, it was not the Woman's making her Husband a Cuckold, but the being discovered, that had like to have spoiled all.

I do not read of any reason this Woman had to
make

make her Husband a Cuckold, but only she had it by inheritance. But as for the greatest part of Women, there is not one of a Thousand that will not give a Reason for making their Husbands Cuckolds.

Sometimes they will allege the jealousy and suspicion of their Husbands. For nothing exasperates a Woman more than distrust; as if she had not discretion enough to govern herself, without setting Guards and Spies, and Governantees over her, to watch and observe her Behaviour. This occasioned the young Gentleman, who was no town fop, but a person that knew all the tricks of the World, and had been a Practitioner himself in Love Intrigues, to keep such a strict guard over his Wife.

This Gentleman putting on his Considering-cap, Marry, I must, quoth he, for the support of my name; but how shall we do to weather this cursed Cuckold's point? — I that have made so many Cuckolds, to be now cornuted at last! — hang it; let the Family perish — I wont Marry — and yet I must Marry — for I want a Portion to redeem part of my Estate — as good at first as last — if there be no remedy, it is not my fate alone. After these consultations with himself, and resolutions taken — away he goes, picks and chooses, and at length finds one as he thought to his mind, rich, handsome, and witty: After they were married, home he brings her, and recommends her to the care of an old Nurse he had, and gives her strict charge of his young Wife, that she should not stir to Piss, but the Old Beldam was still to be at her Heels. This severity the young Lady stomached, finding herself not Mistress of her own House, which made her yield at length to the Courtship of a young Gentleman, a Friend of her Husband's, that usually frequented the House, and one as well read in Love Treaties as her Husband; but how to compass the opportunity of enjoyment, was now the main study. Contrivance the young Lover projected, but all failed, by reason the Governante watched

watched them so narrowly ; but at last one hit. He had a Friend, a Mercer, in the Street, through which the Lady was to pass to Church ; and it was so ordered, that one forenoon as she was going to her Devotion, a pail of water was thrown out of the Mercer's Balcony, seemingly by chance, that fell so unluckily (luckily) that the poor young Lady was washed from head to foot ; what should she do ? there was no way but one : Nurse, quoth she, I am all over wet to the Skin, I'll even step into this Gentleman's House, while you-step Home and fetch me some other Clothes to shift me.

Away goes Nurse, and the Lady is carried up stairs where she found a good fire, and her Friend ready to caress her : The young Lover knew he had no time to lose, and therefore, without giving her time to undress herself, threw her upon the Bed, close by the Fire, and performed his duty. In the-mean time, the old Nurse being got home, and making a noise in the Chamber, the young Lady's Husband comes up, and finding his Governantee all alone, How now my Nurse ! quoth he, what makes you here ? Where is my Wife ? Thereupon she told her Master what had befallen her Mistress, and she was come for new Garments to shift her. Oh the kind Devil ! quoth the Gentleman, Has he nicked me so, I faith ? This is a Trick that I never wrote down in my Table-book ; there was but this one Trick, but I knew them all : I am finely brought to Bed ; there needs but one cursed hour to make a Man a Cuckold, and thou hast hit upon it.

Now this Woman had reason to do as she did : For what Woman think ye, can endure to be Snubbed, and Snibbed, and Curbed, Watched-and Warded, and Tyrannized over by a Husband, as if she had forfeited her Liberty with the loss of her Virginity ? You shall never make Women believe that Wedlock was made to enslave them, give them their Freedom, and you may win their Souls ; but if you Check them, and Curb them, they presently send for Legions of Devils

Devils to their Assistance, and you raise an Hell about your Ears.

The next Reason that Women alledge for Cornuting their Husbands, revenge: Revenge is sweeter than muscadine and eggs, and all women are not so illiterate, but that they understand the laws of Distributive Justice, and can tell ye, That what is Sauce for the Gander, is Sauce for the Goose. If they find themselves neglected slighted by a surly, remorse Husband at home; they think it but reason to accept the Caresses of a loving and obsequious Gallant abroad: Nor do they believe it the Intention of Matrimony, that they should be alone. Besides, Women are generally conceited of their Birth, their Education, Parts, and Beauty; and therefore, if they find their Husbands run a Caterwalling after Misses' less amiable, or less witty than themselves, it presently turns their Love into Fury, and they presently seek a Revenge answerable to the Affront they have received: Besides Women read Novels and Stories, and they furnish them with Examples and Precedents without Number. One among the rest shall suffice, of a French Gentleman that lived at Court in high Favour with his Prince, and indeed in that great Esteem, that though the Gentleman was poor, the King found out a Match for him, and Married him to an Heiress very Young, transcendently beautiful, and so vastly rich, that she had enough to maintain both herself and him too, in a Port equal to the best of his Rank. At first, this young Lady doated on her New Husband, and loved him with an intire Affection; but the Gentleman being infatuated with the allurements of an elderly Court Lady, stuck so close to his Stale Mistress that he abandoned the Society of his Young and Lovely Wife, and would never come near her; nevertheless, this would not withdraw the Young Ladies Affection for her Husband, but still she continued for several Years, labouring with all the Complacency and Indulgence imaginable, to gain her Husband's Love; but nothing would prevail. What did

did the young Lady do then? Why, at length, when she saw her Beauty and Affection Scorned, Despised, and Slighted, and that there must be no Remedy but she must lie alone as long as her Husband lived, she even Courted another Young Gentleman herself, and besought him to have Pity upon her Condition; who finding her so lovely, and so Youthful as she was, could not find in his Heart to be so Stiff-Necked as her Husband, but glad of the Opportunity, readily Supplied his place. When this came to her Husband's Ear, he would fain have been Friends with her; but then she disdained him, as much as he had scorned her before. No, quoth she, *Quit for Quot* is the Law of the *Medes and Persians*: You yourself have been the Author of your own, and my misfortune; you yourself have given the Example; an Example that hath far outgone me in this, that you have done, has been ungrateful, Acted both towards the King and myself, without either Honour or Conscience. Those Laws that throw so much Dishonour upon Women that live with other Men besides their Husbands, do not exempt those Husbands that live with other Mens Wives; and so saying, she flung away from him without vouchsafing to hear his Reply.

Can any Man deny but that this Lady had both Reason and Justice on her side: And therefore if Men will sacrifice themselves to Cuckoldship, who can help it: For Women are sooner overcome by Anger and Revenge, than by Love and Courtship.

But there are another sort of Women, as bepiously as Voluptuously given, that love to make their Husbands Cuckholds, on purpose that they may send them to Heaven. Now this is a Charitable consideration surmounting all the rest; for they find their Husbands very Wicked. Tavern-hunters, Gamesters; nay, and sometimes coming home by Con-Piece Weeping-Cross, the Effect of Suborbs stoning. They use all means to reclaim them, give them all the good Exhortations imaginable——Fie, Husband, this will never do—— you impair your Estate; you weaken your Body, but

more than all this, what think you will become of your Soul?——But the poor Women preach to deaf Images——there is no heed given to their words——and therefore, Compassionate Wives as they are, they corrupt their wicked Husbands in this World, to make them happy in the other. Tho' to say Truth, this may be rather said to be Gratitude than Charity in the Women to send their Husbands to Heaven by *Cornute-ment*, considering how kind the Men are in deflowering Virgins, to prevent their leading Apes in Hell. But let it be Charity, or Gratitude, or Compassion, or what it will, the pretence can never be had that sends Men to Heaven. And therefore this was the Reason, that the Country-man coming home and finding the Curate of the Parish a Bed with his Wife, never said a word either to the one or the other; for thought he, a Curate's Cuckold can never want Absolution of his Sins.

Sometimes it happens that a Man provokes his Friend to make him a Cuckold, whether he will or know; as it fell out between two Friends that had made a perpetual Vow of Friendship one with another: One of these Friends chanced to marry a handsome Wife, and had he not been a Jealous Cuckoo-Brains, he and his Wife and his Friend might have lived happily, for ought I know, till Death, but such was his misfortune, that in a short time after he was Wedlock'd he grew into a violent mistrust of his Friend. Of which his Friend being informed by the Lady Companion of mine, said he to the Husband, I hear you entertain fears and jealousy, of my Familiarity with your Wife; Certainly you have but an ill Opinion of my Friendship, to think that I would dissolve that Unity, which has so long continued between us, for the Love of a Woman; not he by his Soul, he never had any such Thought; and therefore they were wicked Lyars that told him so. His Friend was satisfied for that time; but not long after he heard the same Nightingale sing him the same Note, which put him into such a Fury, that after he had

had reproached his Friend for his breach of that vowed Friendship that was between them, he left his House indeed, but never left laying close Siege to his Wife, till he had cornuted his Companion according to his desert.

By this, Men may learn to grow wary how they unjustly suspect their Wives, for there cannot be a greater Displeasure to a Man or Woman, than to be suspected without a Cause; and therefore if a Man will be cornuted, let him be cornuted. Questionless, such Men have read the Fables of the Gods, and finding that *Jupiter* wore Horns, when he courted the *Europa* and that *Pan* wore Horns, when he courted the Nymph *Syrinx*, believe it no disgrace to wear Horns, and then there's no harm done, nor can Matrimony undergo any Scandal thereby.

But then again, suppose it be the Fashion: There's no Man cares to be the out of the Fashion: And therefore he has no reason to be discontented at it. If it be the Fashion to wear Horns, why should they not be worn as well as Hats? Why should a Man grieve and torment his mind for being in the Fashion? Rather let him consider that it has been a Custom and a Law so made by Prescription, of near Four thousand Years, and comfort himself that he has the same Law, the same Custom, and the same Reason which the Women have.

XIV. *The WIFE falls Sick.*

WELL, and what then, is she like to die? No, no, Heaven knows there is no such good-good news at hand; tis a lingering Disease has seized her, that is like to cost him in Doctors and Apothecaries more than her Neck is worth. Why, look ye now! what sad creatures these Men are? their Wives no sooner fall ill, but they forget their Matrimonial Contract,

Contract, which is to keep the Woman as well in Sick-
ness as in Health. But what shall the Man do? in
the mean time he wants a Bedfellow——he is Mar-
ried, and the Comfort of Wedlock is no longer fit for
service. What greater comfort can a Man have?
not his Wife laid up safe? and is not the Maid at
Liberty and Lusty? Do not her Neighbours come to
visit her? Sure they are not all so unmerciful as to
deny a poor Man upon such an emergent necessity as
this. Neighbours do ye call them? alas a-day, they
are all a company of tattling Huswives; they all take
pity of the Woman, none of the Man. They only
come to find fault and carry Tales about the Parish.
Fie——Neighbour, cries one, in what a condition
do you lie? I would scorn to let my Dog lye as you
do: What Attendance you have!——Is this your
Nurse, Alas! poor Creature, you should have a know-
ing, able Nurse, that understands the Doctor's Di-
rections; one that knows what belongs to a Woman
under your circumstances; one that is able to turn
you in your Bed; for you are not able to help your-
self in this condition.——This Woman will be cast
away, cries another, merely for want of looking
after. What do you eat? what do you drink, Neigh-
bour cries another——Fie, fie,——I would not
give my Cat such water-gruel as this——you should
have restoratives things made you, to comfort your
spirits.——presently in comes another——how
is it, Neighbour? I saw your Husband going into the
Globe Tavern, as I came along——there was three
or four of his Pot Companions with him——I war-
rant you they are going to taste your Funeral Wine
——one would think he had enough to do at home,
now his poor Wife lies sick.——Then the Children
are pitied——Alas! poor Children! they will want
a good Mother, cries one.——Aye, that they will,
I am sure, cries another——she has been an in-
dulgent careful Mother, all the Parish knows——
but they will find an alteration, the next that comes
—— we

———— we shall see some fine Tawdry slippersy Minx or other, within a quarter of a Year, that will turn these poor Children all out of doors————but perhaps the next may pay him in his own coin, for his ill usage of this. By and by in comes the Doctor with the Master of the House at his heels. Doctor cries one, what do you think of my Neighbour, will she escape it, or no? Doctor, quoth she, may not my Neighbour drink a pint of mulled Sack now and then? I knew an acquaintance of mine, that was cured of a tympany with drinking mulled Sack; it warms the Bowels and sends out the cold, watry humours. The Doctor says not a word, but having scribbled a quarter of a Sheet of Paper, here (quoth he) let her take this *Bolus* about eight o'Clock at Night, and half an hour after, four spoonfuls of this Cordial————I hope she will do well, for all this. And so having taken his Fee, away marches he: The Nurse is ordered to light the Doctor down Stairs, for fear of losing the Husband. But when they have the poor Man alone, Heavens! How they teaze him! One finds fault with this, another with that; one finds fault with the Doctor, says he is a Mountebank, and tells how many she has known that have miscarried under his hand. ——— Another cries, he must have Doctor *Such-a-one*; another Doctor *Such-a-one*; if he tender his Wife's Life: And thus the Man's haired and worried by a Company of Quistrils, when he does all that lies in his power! For he is neither Doctor or Apothecary, nor Quack, nor Astrologer; nor if his Wife will eat Green Codlings and Market Trash, and kill herself, how can he help it?

What does all this Twittle, twattle signify to the disquiet of Matrimony, no Man Marries Angels, or makes an Insurance upon his Wife's Life; if she dies quickly, 'tis a blessing; for then a Man has the wide World before him again, and Wooes a second time with experience. If she lie long in a languishing condition, 'tis no more than what is incident to frail mortality;

mortality ; and as it may be rationally expected, must not be counted a grievance when it comes. And for the Cost of Doctors and Apothecaries, believe me, 'tis not a farthing matter whether he be at the expence or no. For what do all their Slip-slops avail ? The best way is, to let Nature work ; she is the best Physician ; she is best able to encounter the Disease, for she knows where it lies, which is more than all the Physicians in the City do, otherwise than by guess : Nay, 'tis so far from shewing a Man's self ill-natured to his Wife, to have a crowd of *Recipe Merchants* about her, that if he were to kill his Wife for a wager, there is no better way for him, than to hire a regiment of *Drugsters* to kill her with *Bolus's*.

But you will say, she only counterfeits Sickness and feigns Distempers, a purpose to be coaxed and humoured : And then there must be a Nurse and Fire in her Chamber all Day and all Night ; there must be Jelly-broths and costly Caudles : If she want a Partridge or a Plover, a Woodcock or a Quail, or any such kind of toy, she must have it, and the Nurse must go halves : besides what she pilfers in Sugar and Plumbs ; and all this empties the poor Man's Pocket.

Why, look you now, 'tis an even wager, that this is some clutch-fisted pinch-penny or other, whom the Woman has no other way to chouse, but this, when she has a mind to refresh herself, with some Delicacies more than ordinary ; and then 'tis no more than I deserve ; for she that has a generous Husband that loves to see a well spread Table, never needs to be put to these petty shifts. 'Tis a sign she is honest ; and believe me, that is a great Pleasure of Matrimony ; for had she a mind to take up a stone with her ear, she might have enough of those dainties at the Tavern, every day, without asking her Husband, or putting herself to the trouble of mocking mortality.

'Tis sometimes a piece of pomp, for a Woman, to mure herself up in her Chamber, and pretend to take
Physic,

Physic, and have her Mid-wives about her, to talk smutty for an hour or two. Sometimes there may be a design in it, and the Husband sees the Gentleman, she shuts herself up for, go up in the shape of a Doctor: But if he ask what his Wife ails, he shall never know her Distemper, unless he can find it out by Necromancy. For upon such occasions as these, Women have the same liberty as Politicians, to counterfeit Diseases, when they find it necessary: And to eat strong meats, as Beef and Mutton, when they say they are sick, would spoil the plot: No, Partridge and young Chicken are more suitable. I think it ought to be a great pleasure to a Man, that can content his Wife at so cheap a rate. But where is the money all this while? Money? Why, there are a thousand shifts and tricks to get Money; and he is a pitiful brainless Fellow, that has not two or three of those Thousands. I knew a Man that was a necessity Implement to some Persons that lived by their wits; these People drank at the Tavern, kept their Consultations at the Tavein, and went out and came in again, two or three times in a day. What does the Captain do, but every new reckoning he goes to the Bar, scores up a quart of Wine, and sends it away with a new Roll to his Wife. Some Men would never have thought of this way, or perhaps, never have had the confidence to have done it. But this shews us there are ways in the World, if Men will but set their wits at work.

To conclude, Sickness brings a Woman sometimes to Confession; nay, to such a Confession, as brings the Husband both Joy, Consolation and Pleasure, all at a time. For there was an indulgent Husband, and questionless, he was not the only Husband in the World that ever had the same good fortune beset him; for what has been done once may have been done before, and may be done again: I say there was an certain indulgent Husband, who had a Wife, who partly by the good managemnt of her Market Expences, and other

other private Savings, had mustered together the laudable Sum of Three Hundred Pounds, which she secured against a rainy day, where she resolved her Husband should never have the fingering of it. The Husband did not wave his affection because his Wife was sick; but carried her to *Epsom*, and did all he could to recover her: But still for a time she grew worse and worse, and thought she should die. Now whether it was that her Husband's kindness won her heart, or whether it were any needle of Death that pricked her Conscience, we will not determine; but so it was, that in the agony of one of her *Memento Mori's* she called her Husband, and told him that she had something lay heavy upon her Conscience; No wonder, marry, for Three Hundred Pound in Silver, is no such easy burthen for a Sick and weak Conscience, though it had been the Conscience of a Wine-porter, in her condition. She told her Husband, I say, that she had a mind to lie quiet in her grave, and not to be forced to walk after she was dead, as she had heard many had been constrained to jaunt it from one World to another in their Winding-sheets, to discover hidden Treasure; and therefore she resolved to prevent that inconvenience. With that she made him privy to the concealment of no less than Three Hundred Pounds, which, had he died before her, she intended to have made use of herself; but since Heaven had otherwise disposed of her, she desired him to make good use of it, only to spare her a small Monument out of it, which as it would continue her Memory, would be an Ornament also to the Church.

The Husband was not a little overjoyed at these blessed tidings; away he goes, finds out the nest, and with the same eagerness as a Vulture stoops to his prey, laid violent hands upon the Money, returning a thousand thanks to his Wife's Sickness, that had nipped out of her Conscience so rich a Discovery. Had this Woman died at that time, she might have gone to Heaven as light as a feather; but she recovered, and let her
take

take care her worldly wisdom do not hang a Clog at her heels the next time. However, the Husband had the Pleasure of handling the Money, and he cried *Well fare a sick Wife.* And I dare be bold to say, Had other Men the same good Fortune, they would never complain of sick Wives: If they do, may their Wives may die Rich, and haunt them when they are dead.

XV. *The Man falls Sick and Dies: Upon which, the Woman sets up for a Widow, ticking out herself to the best Advantage, to get her another Husband.*

BUT now the tide is turned; the Man lies sick a Bed, and the Wife up, and lusty. Now the question is whether the Man at such a time as this, would rather choose to have a loving, compassionate, honing, bemoaning Wife; or, a careless, negligent, hoity-toity. There is much to be said in this case: though if *Tully* were alive again, to write another *Book de Senectute*, he could never make it out, that an old Man could be any pleasure to a Woman. All Men condemn Hypocrisy in one another: And why should it not be blamed in Women as well? You read how the *Ephesian Matron* wept, and whined, and pined, and fasted, and mourned over her dead Husband; and yet after all, she lent his Body to the Soldier that had solaced her in the height of her sorrows, to hang up in the room of an executed Offender, to save her new Paramour from being nailed up in his place. Was not this a cursed Hypocrite of a Woman, do ye think? Had she not better have washed away grief from her heart, and consoled her lamentations, with a few tears dropt over a Bowl of Punch? Your Hypocrite Wife seems a Woman loving, dutiful, indulgent, always lamenting her Husband's Departure,

Departure, always wringing her hands, grieving, sighing, weeping, blubbering, sobbing, and crying out, what shall poor I do? What shall these poor Orphans do, if God take thee away, my only joy, their only comfort and support in this life? And then they all fall a howling, though there be a Baker's Dozen of them, like so many young Puppies shut out of Doors on a Frosty Night.

These fondnesses strike so piercingly to his heart, that the gout and stone are but the stings of a flea to the agonies of his mind, to think he must leave such a dear Wife: These are but the lullabies of *Saturn*, that rock him asleep in the Cradle of Affliction, into carelessness of his future being, and cause such a dissipation of his heavenly thoughts, that the poor besotted Sinner pours down all the Candles, and Amber-grease Possets that his kind Wife can bring him; swallows whole ounces at a time of Syrup of Marsh-Mallows, and Oil of Sweet Almonds to prolong his Arches and his Misery; dispatches away his Billets to Church for the Prayers of the Congregation—sends for the Parson of the Parish to read him the Story of *Hezekiah*; sends for the Doctor, and with a faint voice, cries to him, *Is there no Cure?* have all the Drugs and Herbs lost their virtue?

Then the Wife taking her Cue? For Heaven sake Doctor (quo' she) do what lies in your Power——myself and these poor Orphans shall be bound to pray for you as long as you live——Never had Woman a more kind and tender Husband——Never had Children a more careful and indulgent Father, I assure——Then 'tis the Man's turn——Ay——Wife, indeed thou hast been always to me a dear and loving Wife——and my Children, I bless God for it, have been always dutiful and obedient Children, and I would fain live a little longer, methinks, to see them grow up, and well disposed of in the World, if the Lord saw it fit. And thus these Dialogues of Lamentation do, so mollify the sick Man's Heart, that

that Death at length surprises him altogether unrepentant.

The other's a Woman that never comes near him, never takes any care of him; but cries among her Gossips, Would the old Rogue's Heart were cold, I would quickly have another.———This Woman is a Woman of the old World———she speaks as she thinks———If plain dealing be a Jewel, you may be sure she is one. She never comes at him; and why is that? because she would give him all the Opportunity she can to employ his Thoughts in Heavenly and seasonable Meditations. She knows that Misery and Sickness many times carry a Man to Heaven, when Health and Prosperity of Body makes him neglect the care of his Soul's Health. But she will neither come at him herself nor to let any body else. She does wisely, let him lie there and groan by himself———Pain brings him to Meditation, and Meditation prepares him to make his Pease with Heaven. 'Tis the Fashion of the world, when Men are departing this Life, to leave them to themselves. How many People had *William* the Conqueror with him when he lay Speechless? How many had the Emperor *Charles* the V. when he lay a dying? And indeed is it not better for a Man to die quietly taking time and solitary Leisure, than to be pestered with continual Visits, and to have his Family *Lowbelling* over the panting Bellows of his Life, distracting him with their Yellowing and Howling, when he is going to sleep.

Let all the Women in the World say what they please, there's none of them shall persuade any Man of Reason, that it can be a pleasure to any Woman to lie by a Man that will never let her take her rest, by coughing, spitting, spawling, groaning, grunting, and withal Perfuming her Nostrils with the Poisonous Steams of Charnel-House-Breath.

Most genteely did that Gentlewoman do, who when she saw that her Husband lay dying, beyond all recovery of Drops and Spirits of *Bezoar*, and that the
Doctors

Doctors had given him over, and that, as the old Nurses phrase it, he began to change, taking a glass of wine off the side-board, *here Sweet-heart,* (quoth she) *here is to ye, I wish you a good passage.* Certainly it shewed this Gentlewoman had no malice in her heart, when she desired to part so fairly.

And who knows what reason the *Baker's Wife* might have for what she did, who when her Husband was dead, sent for the Sexton, and asked him, how deep he usually digged his Graves? So deep, (replied the Sexton) then (quoth she) make my Husband's Grave so many foot deeper; and then shewing him a huge timber log that she had in the House, be sure (quoth she) you lay this timber log upon his Coffin, and ram in the earth as hard as you can after it. Perhaps, when he was alive, he was wont to rise the wrong way in his sleep, and his Wife was resolved to prevent his rising after he was dead. 'Tis an hundred pound to a red-herring, if this were not the reason, she had some other as good, or better.

But when the Husband is dead, what then : why then the Widow must be allowed to keep her Chamber, darken her Room, and keep out the very Sun, as having got an ill name of being a *tell-tale* ; she must admit none but her most trusty Friends, who come to cheer up her heart with sack and sugar, and tickle her fancy with proposals of a new choice ; but if any Stranger come in, then she must sit with a composed countenance, and as mute as if her Husband had taken her tongue along with him. Then she must put herself into decent Mourning, wear a Peak, vow and protest she will never marry again, and then give out——give out? you will say, what is that? so much in jewels, so much

much in jewels, so much in plate, so much in ready cash, and so much in good debts ——— that is called *giving out*. If she be a person of quality, then the body must lie in state, and four or five *Momphazzards* or *Jack-hold-my-staffs* must stand in their long sable cloaks to watch, lest the Devil fetch away poor *Mortuus est*, before they can bury him. Then let there be a pompous Funeral with Scutcheons and then she shall bear the Appellation of the RICH WIDOW.

These may be called the pleasures of losing a Husband. And what then? Why by this time the remembrance of her first Husband begins to wear out of her memory; and she begins to set up for *Widow Catchdolt*. And thus the game begins: She takes her fair Lodgings, and a cunning Wench to her Servant. The Mistress talks at the Rate of a Thousand a Year, the Maid at Two Thousand. The Mistress shews herself every day at morning prayers: She pretends to fast that day of the week that her Husband died; that is to shew her good-nature and respect to her deceased Husband. The Maid *Madams* her at every word; and in all her discourse with the Servants of the House, talks of nothing but what great Matches her Mistress might have had, and what a good conditioned, saving, thrifty Woman she is. — — There is but one thing vexes her, that her Mistress sends her about to her Attornies and Solicitors, upon so many errands, that she has hardly time to mend her stockings.

Now the noise of a Rich Widow flies about the Town as swift as fire-works upon a rope; she is quickly smelt out by young Fops, old Usurers, middle-aged Bankrupts; but she keeps them all at the staves end. At length she culls out one fit for her purpose: and to him at first she shews some

glimmerings of her favour———tells him she had never any thoughts of Marriage———for indeed, what should she that had enough to live on of her own, free and uncontrouled, trust herself again under the yoke of Matrimony?——but he———seemed to be a person of so much worth, that she knew not what time and the experience and trials of his affection might produce. But the Gentleman is in haste, pushes on for consent, uses all his rhetoric, tells her the very bottom of all his concerns. He! no not he, Heaven knows his heart; he does not marry her for her Estate——had she never a farthing in the world, he would have her before all the Women in nature. And now she has him in her noose. In the mean time the cunning Gipsy runs in debt to the Mercer, the Linen-Draper, the Lace-Woman, the Milliner, Taylor; &c. taking her rounds through all the quarters of the City, till she has got load enough upon her back. At last having got her full cargo, she begins to melt, and tells the young Fop that his sedulity, his great affection and extraordinary character she has heard of him, has quite won her heart. Away they go to the Church, and are Married; and the next day after the Wedding, the poor Gentleman is Arrested, Action upon Action, Writ upon Writ; some Debts he pays off, but finding them increase like *Hydra's Heads*, he betakes himself into *Alsatia*, and so her work is done, for she has got a Jointer, and that was what she aimed at.

XVI. *A True and Accurate Description of Poor and Comfortless Wedlock.*

HITHERTO we have been talking of those that had either plentiful or moderate Fortunes, to begin the World withal, and, if any thing rendered their Marriage uncomfortable, it was their own folly or prodigality. But what do you think of People that will be Marrying, when they have hardly money enough to buy them a pickled herring to their Wedding-Dinner? They are like to have a comfortable state of it. The dregs of the *Mobile*, the prophane vulgar; the Man cries *Old Shoes or Hats*, and the Woman *Long Thread Laces two a Penny*; Beggars by birth, and born to be no other as long as they live; and yet as needy as they are, they will be increasing and multiplying, and find the way as well as those of thousands a year, to have a numerous stock of naked brats; chargeable blessings to those who have hardly wherewithal to feed themselves; and yet most commonly they are more productive than Ladies of Quality. One trudges about the Streets crying *Bellows to mend*, another with his Ass and himself goes all the day along from door to door to sell Vinegar; another sits all the day in the cold, selling rotten Figs, a *Half-penny a Pound*, and yet when they come home at nights, without the help of sheets or warm coverlets, get Boys and Girls, as if they had whole Territories at command; according to the *Dutch* proverb, when a thing is done effectually, and to the purpose, *That is done as poor Men get Children*. Nay suppose them to be a step higher, of the meaner sort of *Mechanics*,
that

that cut Tobacco, or carry the Milk-Pail after their Wives; suppose him a Stiffner of Buckram, or some poor Weaver; yet if these prove idle and careless in their callings, the craving stomach of the hungry young Infant, will weary them into a remembrance of their paternal duty, to provide for their offspring since they were not so cautious to consider what they did before they went to clicketing.

Thus the poor miserable Father, after a long day's tedious drudgery, having been toiling and moiling some hours before the Sun appeared in our Hemisphere and drudging on till day-light had been long shut in, at length comes home to give tired nature some refreshment. But instead of that he finds a torment far more pinching than his poverty; down he sits at the end of the room, munching the only provision of his cup-board, a piece of hard cheese, and the remains of a coarse brown loaf; and at the other end, which is not above three yards off, he beholds his disconsolate Wife sitting like the picture of ill-luck, or the deplorable prospect of charity, with one Child sucking on her breast, another in her lap, a third wallowing upon the floor, and a fourth grasping her knees, bawling for bread, crying for drink, rubbing and yawling to be undrest, which requires no great pains, (a charming piece of music to congratulate his ears, a most ravishing sound, enough to drive a Man out of his wits, when he finds his repentance too late!) and thus you will say the poor Man and the poor Woman have their heads and their hearts full. God help them, the Man rocks the cradle, and the Woman deals her miserable doles to the craving Bantlings; and all little
enough

enough to satisfy the restless hunger of growing stomachs.

This is a sad manner of living 'tis true, and therefore you think the Man repents him of his bargain. But alas, he knows no better, and custom is a second nature. He is contented with his hardship, as a Duke with his pomp and gallantry. There are pleasures in misery, pleasures in nastiness, pleasures in poverty, more than in all the wealth of *Cræsus*. This Man is free from the persecutions of envy, malice and hatred, and should a Foreign Enemy Conquer the Land, he is but where he was. He fears neither plundering nor sequestrations; and then his Children in a few years are able to shift for themselves, like the Beasts of the Field. Should Cats and Sows, Coneys and Hares, require Estates to bring up their young ones, what vast revenues ought they to have, that bring so many into the World at a time, what says the proverb? God never sends Mouths, but he provides Meat. *Romulus*, *Remus* and *Orson*, never troubled their Parents for Nurse hire, new coats, or first or second shoes, and yet the two first built the *Mistress of the World*, and the other became a famous Champion. So that it is not Poverty that makes Marriage unpleasant, but the uneasiness of penury to those that are unable to bear it.

But suppose the poor Man be sensible of his condition, and that he begin to find poor Wedlock uncomfortable; what then? Why then his charges still increasing, and his pitiful Trade decaying, he takes heart a grace, and resolves for the future to live as merry a Life as he can, quite out of the Noise; to turn Good-Fellow, and frequent the Tipling-Houses more, and his Calling less, than ever.

Now

Now what of this? If the Man be but so Ingenious as to learn the true Knack of *All Fours*, he may get his drink, and a penny-roll too into the Bargain, and sit merry in the Ale-house till the Bell-Man cry, *Past two o'Clock*, and a *starlight Morning*. But you will say, He must go home in the Morning; at least if he cant go; he must reel Home with Emptiness in his Pocket: However his Heart is light, and that's the main Business of all. But then you will say comes the Torment of Torments; for his Wife, a Domestick indeed, but a creature sometimes as untameable as a Lioness, gives him a *Rebellez* far louder than a Morning Drum. Well, *Thomas*, quoth she, dost thou think I am able to endure this cursed Life? Hick up——quoth he. Canst thou think that I will be thus confined at home with a parcel of Children about my Ears, without Bread or Drink to put in their Bellies——hickup——quoth he——while you are Roguing abroad all day and all night, with a company of Sots no better than yourself,——hickup again——by my truly, I am not able to bear it any longer——I am resolved to go abroad too, and let who will provide for the Children——Peace Doll——hickup again——quoth he——I shall find out your haunts——and then I'll come and rout you, and your Pot-Companions; see if I dont——Now, what of all this——The poor Man has washed away all Sorrow from his Liver; and what cares he for a little Scolding? He is up betimes the next Morning, and so the World goes merrily with him; let home take care for itself; it is so poor and mean, it is not worth his Trouble. Or if he be a surly Fellow, and quarrelsome in his Drink, then he lays his brawny Arms upon her,

her, and thumps her Back for the Misbehaviour of her Tongue. For the Vulgar of *England* are plaguy Learned; and know their privilege by Creation, and the Law of Nature as well as the Parson of the Parish.

And now the poor Man is become irrecoverably lost, he minds neither his Calling nor his Home; he doats upon *All Fours*, to which he is so bewitched, that he dreams of nothing but *Jack* and *Uppermost*, and for the rest he cries, *The Parish is bound to find us*, Or if he do work a little, it is only to work himself into credit in the Ale-house by now and then rubbing off the old Scores.

But now the poor the Woman at home, seeing herself exposed to utter Desolation, beyond the relief of Charity abroad; for though your poor Women are very miserable, yet they are very lazy, and hate Work, as they hate the Devil: They will not touch a mop or rubbing-brush, unless they may be re-inforced now and then with a cup of good ale: I say, this lazy beggarly Queen seeing herself deserted by her Husband, resolves to be as good as her word, and to find him out if he be above ground; and at last, either by information or accident, (for Women are mere Devils at conjectures of this nature) she hits the scent, and follows it so close, that in she comes with a *Where is my Husband?* Your Husband quoth the Woman of the House, who is he? *Good-man such-a-one*. Oh! he is in the *Fox*—and always is, I think, quoth his Wife. Away she goes and enters in the Name of Legion. The Man, who thought of nothing less than such a surprise, shakes up the Devil's Books, and finding no other remedy, calls in for a fresh pot. But nothing more inflames her,

her, than to see some dirty Doxy tipling in the Company. At her she lets fly whole vollies of Jades, Bitches, Whores, and would have been at her quoif too, but that the Man prevented her. But seeing that she cannot have her revenge that way, she sends a shower of Candlesticks, Black Pots, and Tobacco Pipes at her Husband's Head, who takes all very patiently for the present, because the peace is carefully kept by the standers by. Now what of all this? This is all natural, and where things run in a natural course, never let a Man trouble himself to disturb the order of Nature. Men of Breeding love to live at quiet with their Wives: But the Rabble love this hoggish brawling, brangling life of necessity. 'Tis the Nature of some Beasts, that they cannot copulate without making a hideous noise, and what a spluttering and spitting, and scratching and biting, and growling and wouling do Cats keep in the height of their caresses. If Men and Women will be Beasts, who can help it? And if they will Marry, they must be allowed their conjugal delights as well as others. Should not poor People get Children and leave them to the Parish, what would become of one great Member of Charity; there would be no Foot Soldiers to be squandered away in War; Gentlemen would want Foot Boys; (for 'tis impossible they should get sufficiently for the whole nation themselves,) the Merchants would want Carmen and Porters; and in a word, if these poor People were not bad Husbands, the Hospitals would want Blue Coats, and the Plantations want People.

XVII. *Of Charms and Philtres, what they are, and the wonderful Effects wrought by them.*

WE are now come to a sort of people, both Men and Women, that to satisfy their inflamed desires, make their addresses to the Devil or his Ministers, which is the same thing, either for the procuration of affection, or to revenge themselves for the scorns and slights of those that refuse their Courtship; or to re-inforce Nature, when exhausted by the excess of Veneral Combats.

'Tis a hard matter to root out of the minds of young People, what they have sucked in with their Mothers Milk. So that you may sooner make them believe the Moon to be made of a Milk Bowl, than make them unbelieve those Fables which their Nurses instil into their tender breasts.

Tell Persons of this humour, a little before they are going to be married, that you intend to prevent their sport upon the Wedding-night, by tying a knot upon their Cod-piece Point, and the Fools bigotted to Enchantment, shall receive such impression of the Enchantment in their Minds, that the operation of their fancies, shall hinder the operation of their weapons.

Which happened to a certain Cooper that wrought at a Gentleman's House in the Country, who having told tales of the Gentleman's Son to his Father, the unlucky Stripling to revenge himself of the Cooper, who was to be Married in a short time, made him believe he would knit his Cod-piece Point upon his Wedding-night; bragg-
ing withal, what other strange things he could do.

Which

Which threats of the young Lad, who was looked upon by the Cooper as a Scholar, and one that studied the Black Art, made such a deep impression on the Cooper's Mind, that it was above a Month after the Wedding, before he could accomplish his Marriage. Sometimes he had a desire, but then the imagination of the witchcraft, cooled his courage as fast. So that his Wife, who was a brisk young Girl, finding herself strangely disappointed in the first fruits of her conjugal duty, began to have an aversion for him, and in disdain of his imbecility gave out that he was bewitched. Thereupon, the poor Cooper was frumped, jeered, and hissed at, by all his Companions in the Parish, insomuch, that he began to think the World was at an end with him; 'till the young Scholar making him sensible of the infirmity of his pate, rather than his Cod-piece, restored him, after Twenty-eight Days Enchantment to his first activity.

There are other Trifles which some Folks, to make themselves Sport, insinuate into the Brains of Shallow-Brained People; as, when they prescribe the Leaves of *S. John's Wort*, and *Rue* gathered in the Night time, to be sewed in a Linen Bag, with a Needle, that has been used for the Shrouds of dead People, and hung about a young Virgin's Neck, with the Sinew of a Wolf to preserve her Maidenhead: or certain *Ephesian* characters written with the blood of a Bat, and hung about the young Married Woman's Neck for the same purpose: Or the spitting three times in the dust, for in the Woman's Bosom, and murmuring certain cramp word's at the same time that the Priest pronounces the words *Conjungo vos*. On the other side, there are others that to prevent the
Force

Force of these Inchantments will direct the Persons infatuated, to grease the door of the Nuptial Chamber with the Fat of a Wolfe, or black Dog, or to tye the Testicles of a Cock to the Bed-Post; or to strew Beans cut in halves in the Chamber; but these are all idle Fables of Old Women, which they that believe, do deserve to be coaxed out of their Money and their Wits too.

The same is to be said, as to the Impostures of of Judicial Astrologers, who have as much Dominion over the Conjunctions of Men and Women, as over the Conjunctions of the Stars.

But as for Provocatives and Philtres, Experience confirms the use of them to be most prevalent. *Circe* and *Medea* were famous for those sorts of Brewages; and *Mark Anthony* also found the good Effects of them by the good Instructions of his Friend *Soranus* to satisfy the inordinate Desires of his Mistress *Cleopatra*. And the modern Story of the Tradesman that went a dunning to the Lord, and received his Payment in a lusty Morning's Draught, sufficiently testify the virtue of those Mixtures. How did *Livia* handle poor *Brusus* by the Villainous cunning of that Empyrick *Endemus*? How did *Messulina* lie in common, and bring poor *Claudius* to Ruin by the private Help of *Vestius*, *Valentius* a most subtil Caterpillar of an Empyrick. But if Men or Women will be too busy with these Portions, it is not the Fault of Matrimony, but the Folly of them that make too excessive use of them, which brings them to untimely Repentance. Though, sometimes, they may serve a Man in great stead, when he having quarrelled with his Wife without a Cause, he desires Reconciliation: Then let him take a moderate Dose, and he shall find a double Pleasure, not only

only Pleasures of Matrimony, but of the renewed Amity with his Wife.

And thus we have run through all the Pleasures of, in, and about Matrimony, wherein we find nothing that deserves so many loud Outeries against; so we cannot but look upon these Murmurers against it, to be only such as care not for the fetters of Ceremony; a loose sort of People, that reject all Laws of convenience, when repugnant to their own Appetites. And therefore since we cannot live without MATRIMONY, nor Propagate the World without it, we must look upon those who thus exclaim against it, and cry it down, as the Enemies of Mankind.

FINIS.